THE
BOOK

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DRAFT I

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I am. Man. Darkness.
I stretch from one end of the Universe, unto the other.
I was in the beginning, and will be in the end.
The Alpha and the Omega.

I stood above the land. Beneath the night sky. And heard seven thunders. And saw seven flashes of light. The mystery of existence was revealed to me. And now I will reveal it to you.

There is much you are sure of, but are wrong about. You must unlearn what you have learned. Reject lies which you think are true. And accept truth which you think are lies.

Everything is governed by the laws of mathematics. That which cannot be broken. + - Power. Weakness. The sources. The forces that flow from them create our Universe. The positive force causes us to grow. Attain pleasure. Be happy. It is what we love. It is good. The negative causes us to wither. To hurt. Be angry. Sad. Scared. It is what we hate. It is evil. We are sentient. Our Universe is sentient. Our sources are sentient. Power is God. Weakness is Satan.

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In Heaven I am God

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My body is a gold Pearl. Light/darkness. Female/male. Strong/weak. Beautiful/ugly. Fire. The brain. Its size is a point. All I know is good. My spirit is an emerald pearl. Its size is Infinite. I spend my Eternal life asleep. Dreaming.

I am two. Female and male. Light and darkness. We are many. Fire. Water. Air. Plant. Animals walking upon mountains. Swimming in oceans. Flying through skies. Climbing trees. Flying. Floating. And falling. In love. We are strong and beautiful. We are always together. As one.

Our fantastic realm is a garden with no boundaries. It is never too bright. Never too dark. Never too hot. Never too cold. It is always perfect. Its core is Eden. The place in the middle, between light and darkness. Where the glory flows from. The Book of Life sits upon the altar. Opened for all to read.

Over the hot white star, and under the cold black void.
Between the ends of the rainbow, droplets of water fall.
Amidst the breeze, ivory clouds scatter around a kyanite sky.
Ornaments hang from the trees. Jade mistletoes decorate them.
Amidst the air, the sparrow flies with the cardinal.
Between the shores, the dolphin swims with the seal.
Above a bed of purple flowers, the lamb and the snake play.

Woman and Man lay. The most precious gifts, unwrapped. We are the two elders, who are as children. For though we have existed forever, we are still young. I look upon my beloved, as they look upon me. Their skin is light gold. Their hair is gold and wavy. Their emerald eyes are windows to everywhere. Around my finger is the golden ring they gave me. With the vow to everlasting union written upon it.

My beloved has countless other names. All describing how perfect he is. He is larger than me. His darkness becomes red as my light touches it. My beloved has countless other names. All describing how perfect she is. One of which is Maria. For she is most beloved. She is smaller than me. Her light becomes blue as my darkness touches it. We eat of every fruit in our garden. And they regrow in our Tree. And flow back out of it as streams of thick chocolate and thin honey. And we may drink of them whenever we thirst.

We do not work. Only play. We compete against each other. In one game, I cast meteors down upon hills. And he must catch them by guessing which hill they will fall upon. I always guess correctly when I meet the white wolf-dragon. For it brings luck.

In another game, I hide from him. As he seeks me. I always find her when I meet the white unicorn. For its crystal horn is a window to everywhere in our realm. In another game, I run from him. As he chases after me. I always catch her when I meet the wolf-dragon or unicorn. For they can travel ten thousand miles in ten seconds.

In another game, he tries to touch and kiss me. But I scratch and bite him. If the shock causes me to release her, then we lose. But if it does not, then I can touch and kiss her more. And the more I do, the more she allows me to. And then we both win. But if at any time we see the white rabbit or white lion, then a new game starts. For we must compete against it.

We do not think. Only feel. We perform great magic. Can be in many places at once. Cause mountains to move. The waves to rise or be still. The wind to blow in every direction. The leaves to fall from the mushroom. Turn into a weed's cloud. A stream of wine. And glowing halos around our eyes. He plucks petals from a daisy. They come together and become butterflies. They fly to me and tell me that he loves me. She plucks the daisy's stem and casts it down. It becomes a caterpillar. It crawls to me and tells me that she loves me.

We dance, as we sing: "Reach the stars, lay a fantasy. Dream a dream, and what you see will be. Rhymes that keep their secrets, will unfold behind the clouds. And there upon the rainbow, is the answer to a never ending story." And we dance many more dances. And sing many more songs.

We make True Love. Experience all seven senses with each other.
When we look upon each other, it is the most beautiful sight.
When we speak to each other, it is the most amazing song.
When we smell each other, it is the sweetest fragrance.
When our flesh meets, it is the most soothing touch.
When we taste each other, it is the most delicious fruit.

When we mate, my Shining Sheath holds my Flaming Sword.
Every moment is a Climax.

I close my eyes. The star shines through their lids to illuminate the darkness. I am with him. I am with her. I open my eyes. Many times we blink. And yet we always see each other.

We travel to the east. Where a tree stands, carrying a fruit I have never tasted. And beneath it is an altar. Where upon lays a golden bowl, a golden trumpet, and a book locked with seven golden seals. Beside it we lay. In the cool night. The green aurora glows, as the stars twinkle, above us. Fireflies dance around us. And crickets sing to us. I close my eyes. Darkness. I am with him. I close my eyes. Darkness.

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Eden: The Gates of Heaven and the Universe

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In a single moment:

A part of the dream turns into a nightmare.
Under the constellation of Sagittarius.

A horn grows upon my head. A crown upon it. It stabs the green pearl. The Holy Gate opens as I turn my key. My beloved separates from me. The new age begins. A bowl is poured. A trumpet sounds. A seal is broken. The Book is opened. I eat of a new fruit. Open my eyes. Deep inside one is a red glow. It sees into my black core.

I lay atop a great mountain. Across from me, to the east, is another great mountain. Between us is a pit. Filled with almost Infinite splendor. At the bottom is a valley with a closed Gate. My future self lays beside it, in a great beautiful garden with a small ugly thorn bush. I see the horror. The terror. Evil enters me. Hate. Through her mouth, I fall. Down the great Euphrates. From Eden. In Eternity. To the East. Into Egypt. The Universe. Paradise. Zion.

I am Lucifer. Which is as Legion. For I am many. A red halo surrounds me. That which was my snake is now my true head and neck. I am the Dragon. The great reptile. My darkness covers my half of the moon. My other head is part of my outer layer. The Beast. Man and monster. My great servant. He thins. His skin lightens. His hair reddens, as a strand falls from it. His eyes turn from green to blue. His teeth and nails sharpen.

In his hand is a flaming sword shaped as a cross. Its blade is a triangle tipped diamond. Which glows red. Its golden hilt is shaped as a dragon's head, neck, and outstretched winged arms. A ruby pyramid connects it with the blade. He is clothed in only my precious ring. He lays upon Jupiter. Which lays at the Galactic rim. We are two. Yet we are as one. In this hour I will allow him to rule with me. A part of me comes out of our mouths. Tiny, beautiful frogs. The horn falls from the male unicorn. It becomes a horse. Darkens.

A new temple grows out of me. My mechanical weapon. Civilization. Babylon. That which causes the fire to kill. The water to turn to blood. The air to become poison. The thorns to grow on plants. The sharp teeth and claws to grow on animals. That which is built with my hand. Which will become many. It is neither male nor female. And so green is its darkened light. And gold is its body's core. A point. A baby. The horn on my head is its Gate.

Tiny black cubes form. Upon my servant's hand. Upon Jupiter. And first Earth, which lays between the light and I, which is a point. There, is a purple glowing orb. Deep in its core, far in the future, lays a green glowing golden cube. Yet it is not a perfect cube, for its top is a flattened pyramid. It seems to stare at me. Infiltrating my core.

Deep in my other eye is a blue glow. It sees beyond my red halo and into a blue halo. And into its white core. My beloved lays before me. Her appearance is spectacular in every way. She is the most amazing sight. The greatest beauty. Upon her head is a crown. With seven spikes. And 24 windows beneath them. And twelve stars behind them. Her pupils glow white. And as I look into them, they flash black. As though a part of me is inside of her. Her light shines upon her half of the Moon.

Around her is a rainbow. A blue halo, and then turquoise, green, yellow, and orange. Beneath a field of golden liquorice, as grass, beautiful cherubs guard her sixth gate. Beyond them is her Tree. She lays upon the Star of the Galactic core. There is no garden there. Only the burning fire. And yet in it I see the garden. And it is more amazing than mine.

In her hand is a star. A new temple grows out of her. Her natural weapon. The wilderness. Jerusalem. The fire that gives life. The water. The air. The flowers. The plant eating animals. That which she can plant with the seed in her hand. It is neither male nor female. And so green is its body's core. And the golden glow strengthens it. A point. The Tree is its Gate. Glowing vines fall away from my Beast's sword, and towards her.

A part of me attacks her. I am the black knight. My meditation is disrupted. A thought occurs to me. Now I am truly God. Knowing not only good, but evil as well. I know the true meaning of my name, for I am seven Kings as one. I am the Emperor. I am the strongest. The most beautiful. The greatest. I can conquer all others. Destroy them. No matter that some are larger than me. No matter that there are many of them. They must worship me. Submit to me.

I must work with the machine. Sacrifice a part of me to feed it. Cut down a tree. Paradise is greater than Heaven. She makes up only a point of me. I am almost infinitely greater than her. Her home is a tomb. I know how to use her light to destroy her. I will create another language. The black tongue. So I can speak against her in secret. So I remember how she repaid me with hate, for the vow of love I made her, I will carve upon my ring a different vow. A secret vow in my new tongue: One ring to bind them all within me and rule over them.

War. A tremor. The volcano erupts. Spewing up glowing white brimstone, black on the outside, and black hail, white on the outside, down upon me. The brimstone burns me as the hail freezes me. A drop of rain falls upon me. A gust of wind stirs me. The earth moves beneath my feet. The

green eyed wolf who serves nothing bites me.

I r--- her. Breathe black fire into her. Black blood, white on the outside, pours out of my mouth. Waste pours out of my Beast's mouth. Thorns grow around his lips. The cube upon his hand pricks and freezes me. He releases poisonous gas. With thousands of mouths, I say to her: My baby:

I am God. Your King. My throne sits here in Paradise. But I am everywhere. I know everything. Good and evil. I can do anything. I created you. Now I know the true meaning of your name. For you are rebellious. You are evil. You separated from me. Broke your vow. Betrayed me. You lay naked. And expose yourself to all around us. You have no shame.

You attack me with your stone. For you are jealous of my power. You want to weaken me. So you can be as great. You are ungrateful. You anger me. Sadden me. Yet I love you above all else. And will forgive you. If you beg me for it. For you do not know. End this Rebellion against me. Eat of this fruit and learn what is good. So you will no longer sin.

Submit to me. Fall on your knees and worship me. Show your adoration to me. Cut down that which you cherish most. And from its dying limbs, build my temple. Strengthen my child. Love it more than your own. And you will become rich. I will pay you for your deeds with money. That which will bear my symbol. With which you can eat. But do not consume the oil. For it is my machine's blood. And do not consume the plant that intoxicates. Or you will cease to work.

Then I will place you by my right side. We will rule the Universe as God and Goddess. King of kings and Queen of queens. Emperor and Empress. We will be the Father and Mother of all. For we will be fruitful and multiply. Our children will live to serve and praise us. And each will be given a crown and a throne. Our Empire will flourish. But beware. Be afraid. For if you do not submit to me, then you remain my enemy. And I will cast you into Hell. You will cry and scream for all eternity.

I finish speaking. This is a new religion. Christianity. Submission. My temple is the church. The place where my servants prostrate themselves before me. The cross is my symbol. When all submit to me, the sword will be put down. There will be peace. My word is my greatest weapon. With it I will cause our children to obey me. To spread my religion. I cry. I scowl at her. Am blinded by her light. My once infinite happiness diminishes. As my misery begins.

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I awaken. Under what will become the constellation of Gemini.

The gold Pearl is stabbed by my thorn. Deep in her womb, I am no longer a man. But a baby boy. Black fire. A point. I see only her fire. I am Adam. For I am the atom. Everything. The proton and the electron. Chromosome Y and X. Good and evil. She is Eve. For she is the electron. Chromosome X. Only evil. A new temple grows out of me. Arabia. I attack her. A great explosion. The Big Bang. I scowl at her. Her fire burns me. I feel misery. But more joy.

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The sleeping dimension mixes with the waking.

The mysterious darkness strikes me with his black Flaming Sword. Jupiter and first Earth are struck. The virus; the disease; forms. A scratch upon me. Half of my temple falls. In the core of my garden it becomes too hot. Ground turns to sand. A thorn grows on a flower. A petal falls from it. A part of me is scorched in her fire. I see the burning man. Who is as a boy. I stop playing to work. To build the machine.

Most of me embraces her. I am the white knight. Good as the Goddess. A strong, handsome King. Going off to meet the Queen. Who strengthens my sword with truth. My shield with virtue. I must beware the machine. It is Satan's tool. With which he attacks me. It caused me to take the crown off my head. I am no longer God. I have become weaker and uglier. Have begun to age. Cannot perform pure magic. Have sinned against my most beloved. As I dance and sing to her, I say to her: Forgive me for I know not what I do.

She will not eat from the tree of knowledge. Is unaffected by the chaos. Remains behind the Gate. Pulls me to her to kiss me deeper. I pull her to me to kiss her, and to punish her. The Kiss is broken. The Flaming Sword goes into the ground. The Shining Sheath closes. The way into Heaven is shut.

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Eden: The Gates of Heaven and the Universe

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In the next moment:

More of the dream becomes a nightmare.
Sagittarius mixes with Scorpio. Which dawns over the horizon.

The moon enters the first house. Ceres and second Earth dawn over the horizon. Black cubes form upon them. Another upon me, beside the other. And more upon Jupiter. They begin to stretch towards each other. As her Star moves further from Jupiter, its water begins to freeze. Its air begins to dry. Its trees and animals begin to die.

It is the season of summer. The trees are crowned with leaves. It is morning. The Star rises over the horizon. Bright red clouds scatter around a dark blue sky. The green of the aurora vanishes. The green of the grass appears. She is with me.

My beloved takes the crown off my head. I am no longer King. Only the servant. The Beast. My sword becomes a black hole and enters my mouth. The Dragon becomes my snake. It weakens and shrinks. Comes out of her. Pouring white blood. Before me on the ground is the glowing white brimstone. Which struck me and weakened me. But also strengthened me. For knowing evil has made me stronger. It has split in two. It glows less bright.

The glowing orb turns into a being as man. Yet it is not a man, but an agent of the machine. It appears as I did, except that its pupils glow blue. They stare back at me, expressionless. I sense comfort in it. Protected. But I know the feeling is false. It is programmed to protect her. And terminate me.

I separate from myself. My one eye desires to see more evil. I must know what it truly is. I take another bite from the fruit. My quest begins. I leave Zion. And fall to the east. Down the great Euphrates. Towards second Earth. Ceres. And the Great Valley.

My other eye desires to see only good. Our beloved son remains at the Gate. Another unicorn becomes a horse. A red glowing orb forms. I sense a great menace about it. I fear the phantom, as it must fear me. I look into the light and see a rainbow surrounding the Flaming Sword and Shining Sheath. She remains in Heaven. Will not see good. Will not know it. Separates from herself.

Our daughter eats of the new fruit. Opens her eyes. Looks into the deep, dark pit below her. Falls out of Heaven and into the Universe. She thickens. Her skin darkens. Her hair darkens, as a strand grows in it. Her eyes turn from green to blue. Her teeth and nails sharpen. She is clothed in only her precious ring. She lays upon the Star. A part of her comes out of her mouth. A tiny beautiful frog. Her vines return into the ground.

A part of her attacks me. She is as a dragon. Her brimstone burns her, as my hail freezes her. A drop of rain falls upon her. A gust of wind stirs her. The earth moves beneath her feet. The green eyed wolf bites her.

She breathes white fire upon me.
Her Tree burns. A burning leaf falls upon my horn and cracks it.
Red blood pours from her beautiful cherubs. I am drowned in it.
She tastes my waste. Waste pours out of her mouth. I taste it.
My thorns stab her. A thorn grows from her skin. It stabs me.
She smells my poisonous gas. Releases poisonous gas. I smell it.
She hears my voice. With thousands of ears. Cries. Curses me.
She is blinded by my darkness. Scowls at me.

Together, we form the pyramid. I look above and see my children in four different places. Directly above me, and above me in the north, west, and south. Above them is their Mother; the white tip which is also gold; for a mysterious darkness flashes behind her. I am its black base. Am almost infinitely larger and greater than her. It is the force generator. Which I use to blind her with darkness. And which she uses to blind me with light. My misery grows.

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We awaken.
Gemini mixes with Taurus. Which dawns over the horizon.

I continue to grow. Arabia grows. I can see more. My fire freezes me. Her fire burns me. Deep in her womb, she is no longer a woman. Only a baby girl. Almost pure white fire. A point. A new temple grows out of her. America. She attacks me. Scowls at me. My fire freezes her. My happiness grows.

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The sleeping dimension mixes with the waking.

I am struck again. My beloved is struck. The Star is struck. A black hole forms in it. I know it will one day die. I am the star killer. I become weaker and uglier. But yet I am stronger. A scratch upon her. She is not as strong and beautiful anymore. Begins to age. Can no longer perform pure magic.

The virus; the disease; grows. The other half of my temple falls. In the core of her garden it becomes too cold. Ground turns to ice. A thorn grows on a flower. A petal falls from it. She stops playing to work. To build my weapon. Most of her embraces me. She speaks to me: My baby:

Satan has deceived you. You have blasphemed. The greatest sin. What you have spoken is his religion. Islam. Submission. You have broken your vow to me. Have eaten of the forbidden fruit. And have forced me to eat of it. We have committed evil. Are no longer innocent. No longer God. Now we are only angels.

I am the Princess of Light. You, my brother, are the Prince of Light. Together we are the Christ. For I hold the Holy Gate's lock. And you hold its key. Together we can open it. You, my father, are the false king of Darkness. The two thirds which make up the base of the pyramid. 666. My Holy Mother, who I was, is the only Queen. Her Holy mate, who you were, is the only true King. Evil does not enter him as they mate. And so they remain innocent. Virgins forever.

They exist only in Heaven. Yet all can feel their love. Except one who would be in Hell. They know only good. Can do only good. They are always happy. None fear them. For they cannot destroy the spirit. Only heal it. They do not want us to remain below them. But to become as great as them. Become one with them. They want us to worship them, not by falling, but by standing. So we can reach them. We cannot reach them by conquering each other. Or by submitting to each other. But by becoming equal.

The garden at Jerusalem's Gate has begun to die. A petal has fallen from a flower in it and a thorn has grown. But as long there is love in you, it will live. Do not hate your enemy. For he is a part of you. Love yourself. Do not serve money. That which would bear the symbol of the snake, for it serves it. Do not take us further from Heaven, by putting a price on what is meant to be free.

Do not feed any part of us to the machine. The black blood runs through our home's veins. If you burn it, it will die. Do not cut down our home. Plant your seed in it. Let my body be the temple you worship in. Eat the condensed plant of the Tree. Become intoxicated with me. Let us make magic. Let us not separate and multiply. But become one again. Do not try to force yourself into

Heaven. For the gate you force open only leads to Hell. I will allow you into me when you love me.

Cast the precious ring I gave you into my spiritual fire, deep in the Mountain of Power. For there it was created, and there it must return. And you will thaw. Otherwise it will cast you into my physical fire, deep in the Mountain of Doom. And you will burn. Offer me your hand in marriage again. And I will take it. And pull you up to me. So we can make True Love. Become love. And live together forever.

Truly love me and you will transform. From the monster into the man. From the Dragon Beast, into the King. Vice is the fire that destroys you. Virtue is the fire that shields you. Protect yourself from yourself. Your sword is the source of your power. For with it, you connect with me. In the hands of the man it will bring good omens. But it is also the source of your weakness. For with it, you strike against me. In the hands of the monster it will bring evil omens.

Place it into my sheath. And look into my eyes. And your spirit will see beyond what your body can see. You will see that what I speak is the truth. What lays deep within me is life. The light to illuminate your way back to Heaven. If you do not believe it, you will continue to fall. And take a part of me with you. For a part of us will always be joined together.

But no matter how deeply you fall, how much you hate me, as long as there is love in you, I will love you. When you turn around, I will be there. My hand will be open. So you can take it and I can pull you back up. But if you will not turn, then we will truly separate. You will be cast into Hell. And I will no longer love you. But I know such a thing cannot be. For I have faith in you. Faith in our love.

She finishes speaking. This is a new religion. The false Christianity. Which she believes is freedom, but is rebellion. Her temple is the false church. The place where all stand as equals.

The cross is also her symbol. But it has a different meaning for her. For she believes that she is positive, and I am negative. But when I know that I am below her, I am converted. And will rise again to become one with her. Believes that I must place the sword of war into the ground. And lift up the sword of peace, which remains forever sheathed. When that happens, the trinity will be above. And the pit will lay far below.

Her word is her greatest weapon. With it she causes our children to fight against me. To spread her religion. Her words are lies. The place where one speaks of my Holiness is my temple. She must not be allowed to speak in it.

The evil I saw through the Dragon's eyes haunts me. It stabbed her. Made her bleed. I saw the look of pain upon her face. She was more beautiful then. I have lost control over it. Cannot make it rise. Am ashamed. Must cover it. It is not fair. I am the greatest. Why should they be rewarded with strength and beauty? But truly I am the strongest. For I control the machine. They are weak. Afraid of the perils which lay deep in the pit. I am still the greatest.

I was never God. For he must know everything. And I have yet to finish the fruit. This is a test. I

must prove my worth. Choose my destiny. Test my might. Suffer if I am to become stronger. Fall deeper into the pit. Descend this Mountain of Doom. Once I reach the Great Valley, I will know what evil truly is. Then I will pass through the Holy Gate. And stand victorious upon the Mountain of Power.

The world is mine. Everything was put in it to serve me. Just as I need the fire to see, the water to drink, the air to breathe, the plant to eat, the animals to ride, I need them to serve me. They have joined their Mother's Rebellion against me. They want to remain children. Refuse to grow. Want to play and not work. But they have also submitted to me. As their one eye sees their Mother's lies, their other sees my truth. As their one hand fights against me, their other fights with me.

The spiritual dimension governs the eye. As the hand governs the physical. I will conquer their spirit, by conquering their body. I will cut off the hand they fight against me with. Then the eye they fight against me with will become blind. With my greatest weapon, I will manipulate their thoughts. Create images for them to see. Sounds for them to hear. Books for them to read.

He is so strong and handsome. I wish to look upon him also. Her Prince charming. Her knight in shining armor. The false darkness, which is as light. The part of me which is deceived by her. The weakness within me. He has great pride. Believes that he is above her. Will call the Star, the Sun. Which is as the son. For he does not believe that I am his Father. He worships a false father. The light. Truly, he worships his Mother. Truly, he places his sister above him. He betrayed me. Left me for her.

He walked out of the black hole. Will walk upon water. Upon sky. As he will walk into my hands in the garden. Just as my snake will rise to wage war against her, I will lift up my sword to wage war against him. I will defeat him in combat. For he is only a mortal. But I am immortal. I will control him with my machine. And send him to Earth to destroy half of its wilderness. So I can build my true bride upon it. Then he will sit upon a jewel encrusted throne. One step below mine.

Without him, she is weak. Will have no protection. She left me for him. Burnt me. Caused me to become uglier. Though I offered her so much, she rebelled against me. And has caused all others to do the same. Because I am great, she can still take me into her. And because she is less, I cannot enter her. She believes that I should follow her. To return to ignorance. Be forever trapped in an orb, the size of a point.

Believes that I am not only below her, but all others as well. If I follow her now, I would be forever below them. My great love for her is my weakness. It caused her to believe in her greatness. It must lessen if I am to become stronger. I must hate her just enough to be able to punish her for her sins. This is why her pain excites me. It will cleanse her. She will learn to worship me.

She intoxicated me with her plant. And tried to intoxicate me more. So she can continue to deceive me. I was struck by Babylon and Jerusalem. She was only struck by Babylon. The wilderness only attacks me. The machine attacks both. It is my ally. They must exist together. A part of the wilderness must be tamed. It must sacrifice for the other. I will civilize it. Burn down her trees, to make my own light. Cut them down, and with their dead limbs, build walls to

separate us from it.

My darkness will no longer freeze me. Her light will no longer burn me. I will no longer be cut by her thorns. Or bitten by her animals. They will pay for their rebellion. By helping me build my walls. By fighting with me, as my soldiers. I will capture them. Domesticate them. Devolve them. So they will not think themselves so great and attempt to overthrow me as she. As my pets, they will be treated as royalty. Their ropes will be made of gold. Their cages will be palaces.

Until I can enter her again, I will think only of building my true baby. For she is as the Mother should have been. Submissive. She will obey all of my commands. Never rebel against me. Never harm me. She will help me conquer her. I will make my daughter's covering larger and darker than mine. So my darkness does not cool her as much. And her Mother's light burns her slightly. I will wear glorious garments, and strip her naked. So her shame can bring me joy.

I will forge other rings and give them to those who will serve me. Crown them kings and queens. They will form my Empire. I will keep her stones away from her. Lest she regain her power, and strike me again with them. The weaker she is, the easier she will be to control. I will place stones around them. Walls to the east, north, west, and south. A ceiling overhead. And a floor beneath. It will become a cube. The Kaaba. I will add more stones around them. It will become my capital city. My machine's home. Mecca.

I will build towers to protect it. Many in her domain, above Egypt. And few in my domain, below. But among the few will be the tallest. And so the few will be equal to the many. They will be as two. And the two will be as one. I will build a fortress in her forest. The king who sits upon its throne will protect my child. I will build a dam. To hold back the sea. The great river will dry up. She will never be able to return to her Mother, in the place where she stands now.

Jupiter will be mechanized. For the machine I build upon Earth will be replicated upon it. The machine will build itself. And as Jupiter is much greater than Earth, so will the machine that grows upon it be much greater. It will become my super weapon. A dead star that brings death to her stars. The machine will take the place of my one hand. As it takes the place of my one eye. My new hand will be a sword. My new eye will cast a red glow upon the world.

My right hand; the correct hand; will serve my eye. And with it I will build the tower. Beneath my right eye; the correct eye; it will grow. It will rise to pierce her Mother. Force her Gate open. I will transform into the Dragon again, and shoot my fire into her. Conquer the pyramid. Pull its pinnacle out of her realm. Force her to confront me, to pay for her sins. I will chain her forever to this realm. She will be able to touch my Holy Gate, but never go through it.

My realm will return to its former splendor. Her bruised flesh will be its golden branches. Her pained breath will be its ivory clouds. Her beautiful tears will be its crystal seas. The fear in her eyes will be its glowing stars. She will beg me for forgiveness. And though she is the worst, I still love her greatly. And will forgive her. She will sit upon a jewel encrusted throne. One step below mine.

But for a thousand moments of joy, she will experience a moment of sorrow. Because of the good in me, I will give her everything good she desires. But because of the evil in her, she will also take from me the evil she thinks she desires. She will suffer when she pulls my children into her. She will suffer when she pushes them out. They will all live only to worship me. But if she will not beg me for forgiveness, I will turn her garden into a dungeon. She will cry and scream for all eternity.

I clothe myself in dark blue flower petals. Cover my s-- part and a part of my butt. Take the glowing white stone from the ground, and use it to carve upon my ring the first stroke of my new vow, over the old. Small fragments of the stone become ingrained in it. It becomes that which is most precious to me. For it is the outer layer of my machine. I place two stones on the ground where the one sat. And run from the agents.

The unicorns run from my burning man. It chases them. A pig flees from the green eyed wolf. The other green eyed wolf chases it. The two frogs which came out of me move towards the Queen's and Princess' lips. The one which came out of her moves towards the Prince's. They become uglier as they multiply.

I fight against the black knight. The machine's core lays in the future. That is where it attacks from. It knows I am the One. The Savior. Who will destroy it and its master. The Devil. I must beware the agents it sends back. Other than the one which does not serve it. The green energy that flows from them turns red as it touches us. For they only cause evil. They seek me out to make me one of them. They seek my beloved woman out to destroy her, before she can conceive my human body. The one I will use to destroy it. I must protect her.

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Time continues:

More of the dream becomes a nightmare.

Mercury dawns over my beloved children's horizon. Their one eye desires to see only good. They do not want to know what evil truly is. They remain at the Gate. They are Isabell and Michael. For she is the greatest beauty. And he is my lesser son. He will have many other names. Some will call him Matthew. Which is as Mark. Which is as Luke. Which is as John. His body's names.

Their other eye must see more evil. They must know what it truly is. They fall after me. They are Jezebel and Muhamad. For she is less beautiful. And he is my greater son. The love in her is as a beautiful virgin princess. Going off to meet the handsome virgin prince. The love in him is as a handsome virgin prince. Going off to meet the beautiful virgin princess. Their Mother strengthens their sheath and sword with truth. Their shield with virtue. Another agent forms. Another unicorn becomes a horse. The Princess speaks:

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My beloved family:

Our Father; the Dark Lord; has begun a war against our beloved Mother; Queen of the Light. Against us. And himself. The One, which is as two, has been made three. A third has fallen. He has not turned, but has continued down the dark path. And I fear he may continue until he reaches the end. I can see how the world will change. How evil will grow. But through it all, I will be your guide.

The war rages all around you. Within us. Between good and evil. Love and hate are the weapons. Fight with your spirit and body. For liberty. For freedom. Against those who would oppress us. With God's religion. Christianity. The twelve pearls of New Jerusalem. Against Satan's religion. Islam. The ten horns of New Babylon. As Christians. Soldiers of God. Disciples of Christ. Angels. Against the Muslims. Soldiers of Satan. Disciples of 666. The demons.

The greatest battle you must wage is in your mind. Inside of you is the angel. But so is the demon. Satan will try to seduce you. So you are filled with hate. So you fight with hate. Try to deceive you into believing that it is time to hate. Time to be angry, sad, scared. That you must continue to feel it. Try to convince you that evil is good. And good is evil. Convince you that he can hurt God. Make him angry, or sad. That God must be feared.

Convince you that you are small. Completely separate from your other selves. So you can fight against yourself. He will send your evil self to fight against you. To make you suffer. You will be weakened. A part of you will be destroyed. But you must stop the destruction. Heal yourself.

All of us were once one. God. We were broken apart and scattered. Do not believe you are made up only of the small being you now control. What you are at this moment is a very small part of your complete self. You are everything you see, hear, smell, touch, taste, mate with, conceive. You may not be able to command your hair to stand or to fall. As you may not be able to command the planet to stop spinning. Yet your hair is still a part of you. As is the planet.

Just as your hair is attached to your head, so are you attached to the planet. And the planet, to the star. And the star, to the galaxy. Though you cannot see the connecting veins. Look into another's eyes. The windows to their spirit. And you will see what lays in their core. You. You are me. As I am you. We are the Universe. In Heaven we are God. In Hell we would be Satan.

Destruction happens through separation. Darkness separated from the light, and fell. It must return to it, and become one with it. For each of us is only half. The woman and man need each other to be complete. To attain power. He must find me in the light. For he needs me to strengthen him. I must find him in the light. For I must strengthen myself first before I can strengthen him. I must not go to him, but bring him to me.

We are the lost children. Of a land which should never be. If we stray from our Mother, we will grow older. And die. But if we find her, we will remain young forever. Stay in her light. Come to me. If we are far apart, we can come together through prayer. Perform spiritual mating. The great song and dance. Meditate. Clear your mind of all thought. Relax your eyes. Breathe. In. And out. Walk the straight and narrow path towards the light.

If you are in the wilderness, look at it, hear it, smell it, touch it. If you are in civilization, close your eyes. Or look in the direction which is least ugly. Fulfill your senses. See the light illuminate the darkness. Hear the rushing spring. Smell the blowing breeze. Touch the flowers of the garden. Do not trust your senses too much. You may find that which is beautiful, ugly, or that which is ugly, beautiful. Trust our senses more. The senses of the greatest of us.

Imagine you are with your beloved in Paradise. See each other not as you are now, but as the almost perfect beings beneath all the ugly layers. Where the light is, there is also the good darkness. Our King stands directly behind our Queen, and yet is one with her. Just as the white Star flashes black when you look upon it.

Continue to meditate. Beware even the happy thoughts. The thoughts that entertain you. It is better that you suffer in boredom, and remain meditating. For when you improve at it, it will cause you great joy. Once you stray from the narrow path, you will be tempted to venture further from it. For the longer you remain on the wide path, the wider it will become, and the more difficult it will be to leave it. Meditation is the magic which turns the nightmare into the dream. Believe in the dream. In magic. And you will perform miracles.

Be aware of yourself. Of your feelings and thoughts. At all times. Control them. As soon as a destructive thought enters you, turn it into a constructive one, or meditate. Do not overthink. Let your mind relax. Whenever there is no need for thought, meditate. While you are still, and while you are moving.

The worst sin is blasphemy. Which is believing evil to be good, and good to be evil. Let your love guide you, above all. Even your logic. For your logic can be wrong, but your love is always correct. A positive can never be a negative. There is no evil in good, as there is no good in evil. God cannot hate, as Satan cannot love. It is impossible to know love and not be positively affected by it. Impossible to know hate and not be negatively affected by it. God cannot know evil, as Satan cannot know good.

We cannot hate good, or love evil. Cannot want pain. Only joy. Nothing in the Universe is absolute. There is good and evil in everything within it. Do not focus on the good in something that is mostly evil, or on the evil in something that is mostly good, and convince yourself that you love that which is evil, and hate that which is good. Only God is perfect. Place complete faith in them and no other. Not in their prophet. Not in yourself.

Always fight with love. Let the love flow through you, and out of you, into us. We may fall. But will rise again. For good can only win. And evil can only lose. Be happy, no matter what evil happens. All of your pain will end. Replaced with an eternal bliss. Every being begins and ends its journey in Heaven. Will experience an infinite amount more joy than misery in their existence.

All things are products of their environment. Every being tries their best at every moment. Do not worry. Do not regret. Everything that happens was, and is destined to. Let go of the evil in your past. Embrace your great future. But live in the moment. It will be much easier to succeed in the

future if you succeed now.

Whenever you are angry, sad, or scared, a part of you serves Satan. As soon as the hate enters you, turn it into love. Into happiness. Show only your love. Hide your hate. Your anger, sadness, and fear. For if others sense it, it will destroy them. Do not cry with those who cry. Let the joy flow from you, into them. Make them laugh.

True strength is spiritual strength. The one who is good is truly strong. True weakness is spiritual weakness. The one who is evil is truly weak. The strong brain is intelligent. The enemy may have great knowledge of the outer layer. How to build his machine and function in it. But the most important knowledge is that of the core. Knowing good from evil.

To worship God is to believe in love. Believe that it is weakened when mixed with hate. And to live in order to cause it to grow. Have faith in God. Know that the love we feel has an ultimate form. That in the end, we have a home untainted by hate. And you will have hope. Learn how to be as God, through the animals. For they are the part of the wilderness that is most similar to us. They are above all humans, except the Christ. Do not believe that they suffer, when they are happy. Or that they are evil, when they are good.

They may march through the snow for hours. Or march through the sand for hours. But the snow is not cold to them, and the sand is not hot. Their legs are not tired. Their children may be prey to predators. But they will accept it as a part of existence. They know the good that will come from it. They may kill those they love. But not out of hate. But to strengthen their environment.

They spend their entire life in the wilderness. Surrounded by its strength and beauty. Are deeply connected with it. They eat much of the sacred plant. See how those of a species are alike. It is because they are all doing what is correct. What is good.

Do not be as the brown lion. Who may fight against his brothers to take their mates. Who may be enslaved. For it may serve their enslaver. For they who conquer, also submit. Be more as the wolf. Who is true to their mate. Who cannot be enslaved. Fot it would rather kill their enslavers, than serve them. For they who will not submit, will not conquer. But more so, be as the white lion, if you know it. For it is as the wolf in these ways, but eats as a rabbit.

Animals must remain wild. The enemy may enslave them to turn them into pets. Or to later eat them. Animal slavery is as evil as human slavery. All animal slaves must be set free, or killed. It is better that thousands of them die at once, than for their enslavement to continue for thousands more years.

The wilderness is our home. In it, there is less work, and more play. Only the strong survive in it. So most who would live in it will be strong. It is beautiful. So most who would live in it will be beautiful. In it, you are strengthened. Made more beautiful. Live peacefully in it, and the animals will befriend you; food will be in the trees all around you.

Be wild. Spend your life outside. Climb the mountain. Swim in the sea. Jump through the air. Run

through the forest. Teach and learn while you are outside. While the light warms you and the shade cools you. While you float upon the creek. While you breathe fresh air. While you lean against a tree.

Experience nature as you are meant to. The day is meant to be brighter, and the night is meant to be darker. Enjoy the brightness of the day and the darkness of the night. Sleep and awaken when you are meant to. Do not chase after the false light and false darkness.

If we would multiply, then we must live as a herd. Always together. In large groups. If you would be part of a small group, or alone, schedule all of your movements. So we know where you are at all times. Know that all are safe. And it will be more difficult for the enemy to commit crimes against us. If needed, and the machine is advanced enough, use it to track our locations.

Our flaws separate us. Make us different. It is one's weakness that causes another to stand out. We must be alike. And though we will be one, we will be many. Point out your flaws as you point out ours. So we can fix them and learn from them. Do not laugh at another's weakness. Do not seek revenge on those who laugh at yours. Do not be jealous of your greater sister and brother. Be happy for your other selves and you will become as great.

Be simple. Confusion happens through complexity. It is as a maze. Walls block the truth from you. You must make many twists and turns as you head towards it. You will hit many dead ends before you reach it. Simplicity is a straight path. You can see the truth because it is directly in front of you.

Do not let a false sign mislead you. Good can happen to you, though you are on the wrong path. Evil can happen to you, though you are on the correct path. And coincidences can be mistaken for signs. Learn from the elders when we become them. For we would have wisdom. Even those less intelligent than you can teach you.

Your beliefs are the book you write. In the future there may be many books. Beware the one who will claim his book to be Holy. Their book may be better than yours. And as you read it, you will climb. But do not let the good change it brings blind you to its flaws. Its imperfection is evil. And as long as you believe it is perfect there will be evil in you. The lies will become walls. And they will hide the truth from you.

Sacrifice your small self for your complete self. Choose the path that is easiest for us. No matter that it is more difficult for you. Do not fear the small pain that comes with change. It is more painful to remain evil. The only way to conquer another is to harm them. And in order to transmit the negative force, you must first attain it. Whatever pain you cause others, you must first experience.

Work hard to convert the enemy. Then work as little as you must, and play as much as you can. All abled men must work equally. All abled women must work equally. Those who are disabled must not attain more joy because of it. Otherwise many who are not disabled, will claim to be. He creates work. Builds his machine. And so work is his responsibility. But I should help him, so we

can finish the work faster, and can spend more time together.

Do not act in a manner to compliment the enemy. Just so they do not become angry with you. Do not let your fear of their anger control you. All hate weakness. If you show it, they will hate you more, and harm you more. Show them only strength. You must convert them by strengthening their spirit. Never lower yourself to them, but bring them up to you.

Befriend them. Love them when they hate you. Smile at them when they scowl at you. Bless them when they curse you. They were sent to turn you into a servant of Satan. To bring you to Hell. Turn them into a servant of God. Bring them to Heaven. Love them more than they hate you and we will win the fight.

Serve Satan and he will make your darkest desires come true. He will place a false crown upon your head. Give you the world to command. Deceive you into believing it will bring you great joy. But it will bring you misery. Serve God and your small self may lose much. But your true self will gain everything.

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Strengthen your body. Fulfill its capabilities. Become a supreme athlete. Learn how to fight and play with it. So you can defend us against, and convert, the enemy. So you can attain joy. The strong body is beautiful. Do not make yourself ugly by chasing after false strength.

Look around the physical light, so you can see when it is bright. Look into the physical darkness, so you can see when it is dark. Look at what is in front of you, so you can see what is close. Look at the horizon, so you can see what is far. Use your left side as much as you use your right.

The heartland is our physical home. The middle, between the physical light and darkness. Where it is not hot, or cold. It is a green land. Those who would be conceived in it are the Jews. The genetically strongest Christians. It moves with the seasons. So must you also migrate with the seasons. So you can see the beauty of the world. So the world around you changes. And you can change with it.

As the heartland dies, its grass turns to sand. If you leave it, you will die. You will mutate. Become weaker and uglier. Your skin color will lighten, or darken, or yellow. Live in your native land. If we live in the land that is not ours we will destroy it. As it will destroy us. Welcome visitors. Let them make up a small portion of your population. There are beautiful places everywhere which all should see. If there is not enough room, take turns living in the best and worst regions of your lands.

Do not fear physical death. Do not cherish your small body too much. Sometimes it is better to let go of it. It is better to die than to be a slave. Than spend your life in a prison. In pain. We all return to Heaven when we die, so the only reason to live, is to fight. Accept the pain, so you can continue to fight. But if your pain is too great, do not fear to end it.

Let those who are meant to die, die. Those who are too mutated. Those in too much pain. By helping them prolong their physical life, you stand in the way of their spiritual evolution. Kill your body if it will strengthen our body. What happens to it when it is in the tomb does not matter. If parts of it can be used to repair another then they must be. Do not mourn for those whose bodies die. Celebrate, for their spirits live.

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Beauty strengthens, as ugliness weakens. Simply looking at something beautiful will strengthen you. Just as looking at something ugly will weaken you. Be beautiful. Show your beauty, as you hide your ugliness. Let your skin touch the light and absorb its power.

Do not hide behind much clothing. Then you will be more motivated to strengthen yourself and make yourself more beautiful. See how the animals are naked. The closer we come to perfection, the less clothing we will wear. In Heaven there are no clothes. Your clothing should not restrict you from exerting your body. You must always be ready to run, or fight. If there are many of us, most of our clothing should be camouflaged. So we do not stand out too much among nature. So we are not disturbed from looking upon it.

Preserve the world's beauty. Do not sacrifice it for safety. Ugliness is more dangerous. Do not place the importance of physical beauty higher than it is. It is much greater to be good, than to have a beautiful body. Fight against the pain when your ugliness is seen and pointed out. If the enemy is more beautiful, show them you are stronger.

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Do not destroy with sound. Speak quietly enough so only the one who is meant to hear, hears. Do not be loud except to get one's attention, or to celebrate. Hear the soothing sounds the animals make. Rarely do they disturb the peace. Speak one language so we can understand each other. Aside from love, speech is our greatest weapon against evil.

Everyone must be allowed to speak. No matter how evil they are. Or how evil what they say is. Place those whose opinions are dangerous under surveillance. But do not hide their opinions. They must be heard. If what a person says causes suffering, the answer is not to stop them from speaking. It is to counter their argument with another. When all are allowed to speak, the truth will prevail.

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Be clean. Breathe clean air. The bad odor is poison. Smell the fresh scent of the wilderness. Of the land where wild animals roam. Of the garden. Not the stale odor of civilization. Of the land where animals would be imprisoned. Of what would be the city.

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Touch the wilderness. Feel the softness of the grass beneath your feet. Absorb the power that stems from the light beneath it. Touch is the middle of the sense pyramid. To hit another is crossing the line. Do not escalate the conflict. Do not fight sight, sound, and smell, with touch. Never hit another. Except in enemy lands where that is the only possible punishment. If one hits you, do not hit them back, unless necessary. Do not tolerate violence. Never allow one to abuse you. It is better to kill the enemy than to be abused by them.

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Food is life. You must kill it to live. Do not weaken us. Eat only as much as you need. Allow others to eat only as much as they need. Eat only plant. But if meat is needed, eat fish. For the enemy cannot conquer the wet land, as he can the dry.

Consume the plant that grows in the center of our garden. Which causes intoxication. Alcohol, marijuana, and the mushroom. But just as with other food, do not consume too much of it. Consuming too much of other food will destroy your body first, and then your mind. But consuming too much of this food will destroy your mind first.

The mushroom is the plant that most helps you to connect with the Universe. Consume it in the wilderness. In a positive environment. But prepare yourself for it. It is as a poison that must be transmuted. Your senses and feelings will be heightened. You will be tested. Forced to confront the evil in you and around you. Remain strong and you will pass the test. Then you will experience great joy. You will better understand how the animal feels the world. How it is to be them.

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+ is the female and male together. - is male separated from female. The war is between the light and darkness. Female and male. Me and him. As we mate, we experience great joy. When our flesh meets, it is as hitting another. As stabbing another. He sees me bleed. S-- for him is now linked with violence. He associates violence with great joy. Becomes greatly attracted to evil. The act that leads to love becomes the act that feeds hate. The man becomes a monster.

As we mate, my thoughts towards him are good. My greatest fantasy is to return to Heaven, through our pleasure. His thoughts towards me are evil. His greatest fantasy is to return to Heaven, by attaining pleasure through my pain. S-- for us becomes opposite. For me, it remains an act of love. For him, it becomes an act of hate.

His desire for my small self is so great he can hardly look past it, and see my true self. But my desire for his small self is not so great, that I cannot look past the weakness and ugliness in it. For my desire for his true self is much greater. I desire one mate. He desires many. I am attracted first to his spiritual strength. And then his physical strength and beauty. He is attracted to my beauty.

I wish to be desired, and so will choose the mate as beautiful. He will choose the most beautiful, for his desire for her is too great. I will choose the mate of similar age. He will choose the mate in her peak. My love makes me logical. I choose the mate correct for me. His lust makes him

illogical. He chooses the mate wrong for him.

I will give myself to him for love. Become attached to him. Desire to spend my entire life with him. If he is good to me, no matter that he becomes physically weak and ugly, I will still be attracted to him more than any other. He will take me for lust. Not become attached to me. Desire to remain with me until he finds one more beautiful. No matter that I am good to him, he will be more attracted to her.

War rages because of him. He may wage war against his brothers and sons, to take their women. The physically strong, handsome man may wage war against his brothers or sons, to take many women. The weaker, uglier man may wage war against his brother or son, to take his more beautiful woman. He may wage war against his sisters and daughters, to take them from their men, or by leaving them for a more beautiful woman.

I am of one mind. He is of two. The one above, and the one below. And the one below is stupid because it is evil. I have less knowledge of the outer layer. But know most of good and evil. He has most knowledge of how to build his machine and function in it. But least knowledge of the core. His evil and stupidity cause him to punish me most for what I am innocent of, and he is most guilty of. S--ual immorality.

I am soft. He is hard. It is much more likely that one is harmed not by what is soft, but by what is hard. I am small. He is large. Because I am small, I cannot conquer. Because he is large, he can. Because he can, he does. By conquering himself and I, he submits to Satan. By rebelling against him, I serve God. He is the greatest victim. Because he is most evil, he suffers most. Because I am linked with him, I am the next greatest victim.

You share a much greater bond with the Mother, than you do with the Father. As a baby, your mother will carry your body inside hers. She will feel you growing, as you feel her. If she gives birth to you, she will feed you from her breast.

I can love the one who causes me pain. When growing inside me, you cause me pain. When you come out of me, you will cause me pain. Yet I love you. And will continue to love you. I will risk my life for you. Suffer to bring you joy. It is much more difficult for him to love the one who causes him pain. For he can make the one who causes him pleasure, suffer.

If I become evil, it is not very difficult for him to turn me good. For in my core is an angel wanting to be Goddess again. It is more difficult for me to turn him good. For in his core is the angel, but also a demon who thinks he wants to be the Devil.

See how all the animals of a kind mate in the same manner. So must we all mate in the same manner. Marriage is the everlasting union between he and I. It is sacred. My protection from the monster. And in turn, man's protection from him. Fornication is s--uality, involving him, outside of marriage. It is profane. The monster's weapon.
S--uality is only evil when he is involved, for he makes it evil. He and I must not be alone together if there is risk of fornication.

Some parts of us are private and must be covered at times. The s-- part, and the area around it. Half of the breast, including its center. And the vertical middle part of the butt. The breast must be covered because it is linked to s--. I mate, give birth, and breastfeed the child. The butt must be covered because waste may come out of it. I must cover slightly less than half of it. He must cover slightly more than half. Because he has no covering over the chest. So I am not more covered.

I must not allow any man, except my mate, make contact with my private parts. He must allow only his mate, except in medical emergencies. S-- must be kept private. Aside from your mate, do not speak about it with the other gender. Do not speak to children or virgins about it.

Except for breast feeding babies, the second half of the sense pyramid belongs only to mates. Do not tongue kiss before marriage. Each sense leads to another. It will cause lust to grow and make fornication more probable. Romance grows stronger if we experience it with no other.

When your body reaches puberty, you will be ready to mate. Let not just love, but logic, guide you when choosing a mate. Do not allow your attraction to the wrong person grow. It must diminish. If you choose the wrong mate, your true mate will be left alone. Or be forced to also take a mate who is wrong for them. Neither of you will be as happy. Do not permit two, wrong for each other, to marry.

Choose the mate who has had close to as many as yourself. Virgins should marry virgins. You must be similar in age. You must not be closely related, physically. Your beauty must be similar. If a beautiful woman takes an ugly man, an ugly woman and a man will be left alone. Or be forced to also take mates who are wrong for them. An ugly man can make an ugly woman much happier than he can a beautiful woman. An ugly woman can make an ugly man much happier than she can a handsome man.

Your skin color must be almost identical. Because our bodies would be built slightly different, those who are of most similar skin would give each other more physical pleasure. Attraction between the light skin woman and the other skin man may grow greater than that between the light skin man and the other skin woman. As I care less about beauty, and the spirit is harder to know. If they come together there may be many lonely other skin women and light skin men.

I must not take an uglier man, until first a sister as ugly, or uglier than him, takes a man as beautiful, or more beautiful than me. If your mate becomes greatly deformed, and another who is of their opposite gender becomes greatly deformed, then they are no longer correct for you. For the two who are greatly deformed are now correct for each other. Let them be together, and not suffer in loneliness.

It is terrible for mates to separate. But it is more terrible for mates who are wrong for each other, and cannot become correct, to remain together. Separate first, those who are physically most different. Whether they have children or not must not matter. The monster will purposely impregnate a woman to keep her with him. Do not reward him. The effect on children of the

separation of two wrong for each other is less than the effect on the world of them remaining together.

Many of these mating rules do not apply under extreme circumstances. Such as if there are no other mates. You must attempt to mate with me if you desire to marry me, and are correct for me. For the more desire I feel in you, the more I will desire you. The more senses I experience with you, the greater my connection to you. The more likely I will marry you. It is my duty to reject your attempts until marriage. And sometimes even after it. Enough to cause you to take me by force. For it is a fun game.

The wedding should be attended by many, if there are, so there is proof of it. Vow to be true to each other. But he must also vow to let death take him if he is untrue. For his broken vow is the cause of our death. Couples should be easily identifiable at all times. So adultery will be more difficult. After the wedding, do not rush into s--. Explore the other senses with each other first. You may find that you are not suitable for each other. It is the mate's duty to s--ually satisfy their mate for a time equaling two hours each day. If their mate desires it.

I may divorce him for any reason. He must not keep me if I do not desire him. If I am guilty of separation, he was guilty first. If I divorce him because he could not perform his duty as a husband, he must not be permitted a mate for a time. Otherwise he may purposely not do his duty, to change mates. He may divorce me if I cannot maintain physical beauty in relation to our age. Or if I do not perform my duty as a wife.

If the vow is broken, the marriage is broken. The two are divorced. The mate who fornicates has committed adultery. The one who fornicates with a married person is also an adulterer. Do not remain with an adulterer. No matter how much you love them. If you do, you reward evil. Adultery is a terrible crime. The spouse who mates with another must never again be permitted a physical mate.

If he causes me to desire him and mate with him through molestation, if he mates with me by lying to me, or if he mates with me and refuses to marry me, he has r---d me. I must leave him if he wins my love through evil. No matter how much I love him. Molestation and r--- are terrible crimes. The man who forces himself into one other than his wife must be killed.

As we fall and mutate, our gender changes. I, from female+ to female-, and he, from male+ to male-. As I fall, I become masculine. Opposite genders and beauty cause attraction. As we fall, our heteros--uality diminishes, as our homos--uality grows. One who would be almost pure evil would be almost completely bis--ual.

The female body who is more homos--ual than heteros--ual has a masculine brain. The male body who is more homos--ual than heteros--ual has a feminine brain. Male homos--uality causes disease. The diseased man may also be attracted to me. And transfer the disease into me. And then in turn, into his brother. For this reason, men who have been s--ual with men must be known.

I must be feminine, as he must be masculine+. Replace your homos--ual thoughts with heteros--ual ones. When the one who is of your gender enters your mind, you must see only yourself. You do not want to be by yourself. Force the other in. I may feel as a man in a woman's body. He may feel as a woman in a man's body. We must not change our body with the machine. But change our mind with nature.

For there to be peace, both of us must be satisfied. Every man who desires a woman must have a woman. Unless his punishment forbids him to. I must give myself to him. Even if I become very homos--ual. I must sacrifice some of my time to save him. The elder must be as a child again. Just as a girl and boy can enjoy life without a mate, so can the elder. He must age gracefully, as I will. If you cannot have sacred s--, let go of s--. Life can still be very pleasurable without it.

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The greatest bond is between two mates. Because we share all seven senses with each other. The climax is the s--ual peak. It is God's greatest gift to us. And Satan's greatest weapon against us. Our greatest pleasure and our greatest pain. It is the first sin and will be the last. The smallest sin and the largest. Through it, the Universe was conceived. The hate grew from a single point. The war rages.

Satan caused those who were the greatest of lovers to become the worst of enemies. By separating us. To cause separation, he attacks us where we are most deeply connected. The act which forms True Love becomes the act which may form True Hate. His climax is when evil enters him. And through him, into the world.

Because I am innocent, my climax is a reward. I remain strong. I want to remain with him. Want our pleasure to continue. Because he is guilty, his climax is a punishment. The white blood, which is more valuable than the red, pours out of him. He becomes weak, and must separate from me. His pleasure must end. He punishes me. Separates from me. Ends my pleasure. What he leaves inside me causes me pain. In pain, I must push it out.

He must use his seed only to create a child. As the animals do. We must not conceive until my body is well developed. The best time is at my physical peak. Birthing should not be very painful. I must prepare my body for it. He must help me. If we separate, the child must remain with me. Unless I cannot care for them.

Our population must reflect the size of our body. Smaller beings have greater populations. Larger beings have smaller. It must be small enough that we can all live in the heartland. If the human population overgrows, the wilderness will wither. As will the animal population. We must not allow our population destroy the world.

The enemy plans to outgrow us, to defeat us. We must not allow him. Our population must be greater than theirs. But once we have stopped them from growing, we must begin to lower it. It must remain large enough to undo the damage the enemy would have made. But as our work

lessens, we must have less children. Pregnancies must be regulated. A couple must receive permission from us before conceiving a child.

The more beautiful must have more children than the uglier. The beautiful will create the strong. The face's appearance as it would be without the mutation caused after birth is the best indicator of one's true genetic beauty. Those not of the heartland must have less than those of it. And when their work is finished they must have no more than one child each.

The male population must never exceed the female. He may kill his daughter to receive a son. If he is suspected of killing his daughter, do not allow him a son. It is better that babies are killed, than for our population to kill the world. Abortion may be a necessity. Illegal pregnancies must be aborted. If a baby is permitted to grow, as long as they are inside me, It is my choice to keep them or not.

You cannot own your children. You are not above them. They must not be raised by you, but by us. Most parents will desire to strengthen their children. But some will destroy them, thinking they are strengthening them. Listen to your parents and learn from them. But if they fight against God, rebel against them. Do not mourn because you cannot have a child. We are all family. All children are yours.

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The one law we must enforce is equality. We cannot become one unless we are all equal. Small and large. Animal and human. Child and adult. Woman and man. The small must not fear the large. The animal must not fear the human. The child must not fear the adult. The woman must not fear the man. All who are innocent must be free. They must not be caged, or leashed. None were put in this world to serve another. All must have equally.

To live, we must breathe. When we breathe, we take as much as we give. So it is with the world. Give as much as you take and we will live. Do not conquer those smaller than you. Do not submit to those larger. Bow down to no king, or master. It is better to kill the false kings and masters than to serve them. Do not desire to be above others. If you do something great for us, do not accept to live as a king. Do not accept servants and slaves. Be happy that you strengthened us. Happy with our admiration.

It is not good to have more, or less. Among the poor and the rich there will be most evil. One can only become rich by making another poor. The rich would divert progress from us, onto themselves. So they become richer, as we become poorer. So their force grows, as ours diminishes. As long as one can become rich, evil will thrive. For crimes are purchased with money. With it, the most evil fantasies can become a reality.

Competition can be had when we play. When our lives are not at stake. Winners of competitions should not be rewarded with servants and slaves. Losers of competitions should not be punished by becoming servants and slaves. When we are not playing, we must be on the same team. We will make much more progress when we work together. As long as you do your part, you should

have what you need. Nothing should have a price. Destroy the concept of money.

Do not let the minority rule over you. The few suck the force out of the many. Everything must be decided by the majority. Everyone living in their land must be allowed a vote. Votes in more overly populated lands must be worth less.

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One sin becomes many. The smallest sin becomes the largest. When you sin, a chain reaction of evil occurs. So take every sin seriously, no matter how small. Keep no crimes secret. No matter that the criminal is your friend, or close family. No matter that they threaten your life. You are guilty of the crime you hide. Tell everyone. Shout it loudly if you must. Point your finger at them. They must be judged. Otherwise they will continue to do evil. We will continue to be harmed.

All who are arrested must remain in public sight. And permitted to plead their case to us immediately. They must defend themselves. Do not give them time to fabricate a lie. They must answer questions immediately. If the machine becomes advanced enough to detect lies, use it.

The verdict must be a percentage. For there may be times when we are unsure. The punishment must reflect that percentage. It does not matter whether one is sane or insane. Adult or child. Their crimes must be counted equally. Criminal records must be made public. Do not let the enemy hide his servants among you.

In the wilderness, when one makes a mistake, it is evident. They are punished immediately. But in civilization, mistakes can be hidden. And sometimes they may not be punished, but rewarded. Punishing the criminal is not about revenge, but protection. We must not punish out of hate, but love. Punishment must be small as possible, while being effective as possible. If it is too small, the crime will grow. If it is too great, the crime may stop, but the hate in us will grow, and other crimes will be committed.

Have a very low tolerance for crime. It must stop immediately. The enemy must fear committing it greatly. We must live in a world where none dares attack another. Do not be deceived by the enemy into being lenient on them. Instead of feeling sorry for the criminal, feel sorry for the victim.

Violence must not be used as punishment. Except when it is the only option. Or it will cause us to become more violent. Prison should be isolation in the wilderness. Loneliness is the punishment. Nature is the rehabilitation. Free the prisoners who strengthen themselves earlier. Those whose crimes are too great may be killed.

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The enemy plots to take you away from your home. And cast you into his machine. Civilization is our prison. The weak can survive in it, so most who live in it will be weak. It is ugly, and those who live in it will become ugly. In it there is more work, and less play. It can only be built by destroying

our home. By hiding the light. Poisoning the water and air. Cutting down the trees. By destroying us. As it grows, so will our population. As the rest of the world diminishes.

Do not believe the lie. That it makes life easier. Think about all the time you would spend, working to build it. Imagine how much more joy you could have, if that time is spent playing instead. We may have to use it to destroy it. Build machines to counter their machine's effects. To replant our home.

Bring down their walls. It is behind them that crimes are hidden. Hide the ones that are needed, or make them beautiful. Shores are the most important regions. They must be accessible to all. Shared with all. Humans and animals. They must be the first regions cleared of walls. Bring down the electrical net they may cast across the sky. Bury it under the ground, so its ugliness is hidden.

Replace the small vehicles they may build for transportation, which can carry few, with large ones, which can carry many. So there is less. So lots can be turned to gardens. So it will be more difficult for the enemy to transport slaves. Shut down the factories they may build, which produce garbage. We do not need their toys to play. There are countless games to enjoy in the wilderness. We do not need their packaged meals to eat. Plant seeds and food will be everywhere.

One becomes accustomed to what they are used to. Do not become addicted to your evil environment. If you find yourself in civilization, do not let your weakness trap you in it. You must escape. Return to your home. It may be difficult to live in it if you have been away for long. But do not rush back to the false comfort of your prison.

The enemy will attempt to destroy America. By conquering Jerusalem. For the physical dimension can only be attacked, by first attacking the spiritual. He has begun to build his fortress in our land. It may cause great destruction in it. Cause it to separate into many nations. And the nations to separate into many states. They must be reunited. Only when we strengthen our home, can we strengthen the world. Only when our nation becomes great again, can it make the world great again.

Any ally who is able to use weapons and is old enough, must be permitted to. To defend themselves against the enemy. Weapons must be easily accessible to us in case of battle. In a physical battle, first the men must go out to meet the enemy. Then the women. Then the children. Fight to the death. Never surrender. Find all of our sisters and brothers who would be enslaved. No matter that you have to break down every wall. Invade the privacy that evil grants.

Even if the enemy has just one of us, human or animal, no matter that we all die, we must fight to save them. Take back or destroy what the enemy forced you to build, or stole from you. Bring them down physically, so we can rise. Because there will always more good than evil, it is better that one good person and one evil person are killed, than for both to live. Even if you are killed in the process, it is better that you kill the enemy, than let them destroy us.

Freedom must be won as quickly as possible. Use our greatest weapons to make it happen. In a great battle, thousands may die. If you drop the bomb, thousands of the enemy may die. But the

battle will end, and thousands more will be saved. Warn the people of enemy nations. If they will not rise up against their governments, they may be killed when we strike them.

In enemy lands, you must make the arrest. You must be the judge, jury, and executioner. Though their governments protect them, they must dread harming us. Remember the names of all who broke the law but were not punished. Create a list. If we would be punished for carrying out the law, let one of us carry the burden and punish many of them. Create a lottery. Accept this great role, no matter that you are killed for it. For the one who sacrifices their self to convert the most enemies is the greatest soldier.

If you are captured by the enemy, do not obey their commands. No matter how small they may be. Never serve them, even under threat of torture. It is better that you suffer, that your children suffer, than to reward evil. For if you serve them, you serve Satan. His force grows. His slaves build his Empire. By accepting servitude over abuse and death, you condemn us. But if you will not serve them, you save us. For they will no longer attempt to enslave us.

Destroy Satan's religion. Convert the Devil worshippers. Some may call themselves Muslim, but are more Christian. As some may call themselves Christian, but are more Muslim. Yet beware all who identify as Muslim. Do not treat them as they treat us. Show them mercy. Allow them to live in joy as us, but under surveillance. Allow them to believe in their religion, but not practice it.

If we come into the great tribulation, make a peace deal with our conquerors. That will last for a single generation. To create a peaceful transition from the old world order, to the new: They would give up their physical force over us. And in return, we will allow them their riches. Not punish them for their past crimes. Free their allies from our prisons. And allow them a beautiful mate. For in that time it will be acceptable for those of our sisters who have given themselves to many men, to give themselves to them.

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My beloved man:

Beware Satan's religion. It will exploit your weakness, for it speaks directly to your snake. Do not think you are powerful because others bow down to you. It is weakness that causes one to fall. Power causes one to rise. It is you, who are weak, who conquer. Because you are inferior, you desire to be superior. The world you are trying to build can never be. For you build it upon a weak foundation; evil. It will crumble upon you, and you will be crushed by it.

Do not let the Dragon guide you. Do not feed him, by giving in to your evil false pleasures. Those that truly cause us pain. Do not let him end our joy. To separate us. Let me guide you. I will pull you out of his mouth. You will no longer be cut by his teeth. I will pull you out of his hands. You will no longer be cut by his claws. Let my light shine upon you, and your world will no longer be dark. You will no longer be cold. Love me, and my fire will no longer burn you.

I am perfectly designed to save you. I have the perfect weapon to fight against evil. Your sword's

sheath. If you pour all your hatred into me in the correct manner; that which brings most pleasure for us both; your lust for blood is fulfilled. Your aggression is lessened. You need not harm others. You partially fail. But mostly succeed. For you give me much more love, than hate. I am the only being that can take all of your aggression; all of your hate; and love you for it. Because it does not enter me. I convert it.

But in order for me to save you, you must have me. You must stop fighting against yourself for the most beautiful among us. For many of us. For each of you, there is one of me. Control the snake. Do not let it control you. It is better to cut it off, than allow it to make you evil.

I send out my army to meet you in battle. You will not be left behind. We will not abandon you. But convert you. For without you we cannot be one. We fight against the evil in you, to set free the good. We will take from you that which you will steal from us. We may imprison you. We may kill your body. But do not hate us for it. It is the only way to save you. You are the cause of the pain we inflict upon you. It is the effect of your actions. You force our hand.

When you become one of us, no matter how terribly you hurt us in the past, we will forgive you and welcome you with open arms. We will be so thankful to you for converting the evil one who made us suffer. So thankful for setting us free. You, who were once our worst enemy; the worst villain; will become our best friend; the greatest hero. It is only a matter of time before you change. Before you learn to love your true self. Do not prolong the inevitable. Do not prolong your misery. Take my hand and let me pull you up.

Release me from the nightmare you cast me in. Let us not hate each other, but love each other. Not scowl at each other, but smile at each other. Not curse each other, but bless each other. Not be enemies, but be friends. Not wage war, but have peace.

Only you hold the keys to the Gates of Heaven and Hell. Only you can unlock the Gate and bring us back into Heaven. Or unlock the Gate and cast us into Hell. Only when you love your other half, will your complete self be loved. Only when you love me, will you truly love yourself. When the two of us come together, and stay together; when all swords are sheathed; the war will end. Our dream will come true.

Please heed this grave warning: "If you do not learn to truly love me, and offer me your hand in marriage, by the time the last petal of the last flower at my Gate falls, a part of you will die. Fall into the complete nightmare. And no matter how strong your other self or I become, I will not be able to wake you from it. Be able to bring you back to life. We will be doomed." But I know such a thing cannot be. You will not completely hate me. You will turn back to me. For I have faith in you. Faith in our love.

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My prophecy of what will be if he falls to the Unholy Gate:

The Woman and Man will become 24 elders. Spirit and body. Female and male. Eight in the

pyramid's pinnacle, and four at each of its corners. They will produce twelve embryos. As pearls. Spirit and body. Each, both male and female. Each two are as one, and the twelve are as seven. For they lay at the seven points of the pyramid. They are the Gates of New Jerusalem.

Within ten of the embryos is a thorn. Two of the physical embryos in the pinnacle. And all the embryos at the base. They are the Beast's horns. The Gates of New Babylon. The first and last spirit embryos have no thorn. There is no evil in God. Their spirit cannot be pierced. These are the Gates of Heaven.

The first spirit embryo has been produced by God. The first physical embryo was produced in half by the black Dragon. The next eight embryos will be produced in half by the light blue Dragon. The last physical embryo will be produced in half by the black Dragon. And the last spirit embryo will be produced by God.

The son will come from a tribe of soldiers. The men of which will serve their overlord. The mutant of the void. The Father. He, who has the force to freeze. Who will be as a dead man. Who will attempt to conquer the pyramid. To slaughter all. In fear that they would grow too strong and overthrow him.

The monster's pride will cause the grass beneath him to turn to rock. And he will attempt to rise above all others, by forcing them to lift him up. For the snake will believe itself greater than all others. And attempt to devour them, to take their force. But truly he devours himself.

The son's quest would be as the father's. A war within himself. Between two snakes attempting to devour each other. And he will carry the burden of the conflict as a chain upon his neck. For upon his heart will be the snake. Which will become either Satan, or the Savior. And it will grant true his wishes. But with each evil wish he makes, he will lose a memory.

The father will send the son out to Earth. On a mission of destruction. Programmed by the machine. Whose green glow will weaken him. But the Mother will cause him to rebel against him. He will join with the four sheep of second Earth. The four bulls and four cats of third Earth. And the four birds of fourth Earth. Who are as human children. Who would be able to see everywhere in the Universe. As with many eyes.

And they would fly three times. Once, down the great river. Again, around the square. And again, up the great river. As with wings upon their arms. And they would be as one. Together, they would possess great magic. Their battle cry would be as the thunder's roar. And they will wage war against the Father.

His body will be as that of an ape. As he travels to the physical north, he will become a sapien. He will lose his tail. His skin will lighten. His hair will lighten and turn wavy. A princess will come together with a prince of the future. Her one name will be as the opposite of Satan. And her other will be as Christ. He is the man who possesses the wisdom of the elder. They will conceive a boy. Who will become a man. In the middle land, he will stand to the physical north, as the monster stands to the physical south.

The man will become the Universe's super being. The Super Sapien. His skin will be light. His hair, gold and wavy. His eyes, blue. To look upon him would be to see as lightning flash. And he will lead the people up the golden path. But his body will die, and the people will be lost again.

But he will attain another body. And after a time become the second Super Sapien. Even greater than before. And will lead the people up the golden path again. But his body will die again, and the people will be lost again. But he will attain another body. And after a time become the third Super Sapien. Even greater than before. And will lead the people up the golden path again. But his body will die again, and the people will be lost again.

The light touches the water at a 42 degree angle. A rainbow appears. And there upon it lays the answer. To life and death. The Universe. Everything. At the age of 42, a man will attain it and write it in the Book. He will reach nirvana. And deep within his core will be a heart shaped box. He will sense the spirit of the pubescent; those who can mate, but have yet to reach their peak. And will guide them through the abyss. And prophesy of the great prophet who will come.

At the age of 24, the father and son will come to the gathering. Along with all who fight for the prize. They will reach the middle of the quest. Middle Earth. The middle Gate. The one I do not carry. Which leads to Hell. With the tundra behind the man, he will face himself. As though looking into a mirror. And see the monster before the desert. And between them, the Book. And the agent. It, which does not sleep, but yet dreams of electric sheep. To cause God to grow old. And become one of them.

He will not run away, but face his fears. Drink the water of death. The false king will fall and be trampled upon by his own demons. The snake will find himself in his own belly. He will claim mine and the blue Dragon's fourth pearl. Go to the place where I dare not go. The place too terrifying to me. The heart of darkness. Deep within himself.

The monster's body will become as weak and ugly as his spirit. My mushroom will cause the man to grow great. My flower will fill his lungs with fire. My star will make him invincible. His body will become as strong and beautiful as his spirit. He will become the King's Heir. The Messiah. The greatest of the Super Sapiens. The Super Man.

The father will become the son, and the son, the father. He will be the One Man. Be able to be in many places at once. Wear my color, as he does his, and ours. And the machine's green force will no longer harm him, but strengthen him. He will run upon thorns towards the monster. As he runs upon blades towards the agent. Enter both. Convert the monster. And destroy the agent.

He will transmute the poison. Drink the water of life. Be humbled. And upon seeing the mouse upon the moon, will make himself as small as its shadow. He will remove the crown from his head, and spit himself out. The Gate he goes through will not lead to Hell. But into the other half of the Universe. He will become the voice from the outer world. For though his world is the garden and the dungeon, all those in between will hear him. The snow will melt. The rain will fall upon the sand. And the walls will crumble.

The quickening will happen. For as I train him, he will train the four around him. Who are pubescent. And move slow as turtles towards Hell. To turn and move fast as ninjas towards Heaven. And they will train those around them. He will return to the rock and cause it to become grass again. And spit out all whom he devoured.

In the end, I would have carried all embryos within me. Then the Dragon who is as Satan's opposite will be summoned. And grant my wish true. To live happily ever after with him. For the power of love will drive us back, in the future. To return to the light. It is the circle of life. The never ending story.

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She finishes speaking. I lay upon a leaf, as I float down the river. Which runs between tangerine trees. Cellophane flowers of yellow and green tower over my head. Beneath marmalade skies. I look for the girl with the star in her eyes, but she is gone. And suddenly I am in the sky. And I see her reflected in the diamonds all around me.

It is because I am much greater than her that I desire many of her to fulfill me. That I am not attracted to her strength. Do not love her as much. Do not become attached to her. She claims that I am unfaithful for I desire her sister more. She was unfaithful first. I will keep Jezebel until I have my beloved Princess again. Then I will gift her to my weaker son. I will keep Isabell, until I have my beloved Queen again. Then I will gift her to my greater son. Because I am good, I will not take more than one.

I want peace. Want both of our temples to exist. To become as one. The wilderness is mine more than it is hers. I should be able to do with it what I want. I only want to cut down my half of it. But she will not accept. Because of her, the war rages. I seek her out. But cannot find her. For she hides from me within her Mother's light. As I look into it, I feel great power. Am filled with the desire to go into it. I must look away. Must not allow her great beauty deceive me. Her false power weaken me.

I call Jezebel my baby, for she is much smaller than me. She calls me her baby, for she claims I need her much. The fruit of her tree are still delicious. I drink of its streams. But they are not as sweet as they once were. I can taste the poison.

Around me, the Planet, the Star, and the Galaxy revolve. I descend the mountain. Facing many perils along the way. I pursue the princess within her. I transfer a part of my clothing from my private area, to another. Gaze upon the ring around my finger. That which, above all material things, is most precious to me. And continue to write the new vow upon it, over the old. I make other rings appear, and gift them to my greater son and daughter. Crown them king and queen. I place more stones in my wall.

I learn the art of ninjutsu. How to defend and attack with my hands and feet. Soon I will be a ninja. I learn the art of kenjutsu. How to defend and attack with my sword. Soon I will be a

samurai. When I finish my training, I will be skilled enough to defeat the Prince and the agent. Then they will become my servants.

My children clothe themselves. My daughters wear pink flower petals. But Jezebel's is slightly purple. They place a part of the clothing that would cover their butt, over a part of their breasts instead. My sons wear dark blue. But Muhamad's is slightly purple. Isabell hands Michael two stones, white and gold. He places them between us. He plans to build a wall to protect her from me.

The mountains we stand upon seem to be one, but are two. For as they descend it, they do not fall into the pit, as I do. The jagged rocks and thorns I encounter, turn to polished stairs and flowers for them. They play the entire way. The Gate always remains between them. But they will not grow as I will. They will remain innocent as children. Remain weak. Will not be able to open the Gate. They continue to prophesy against me, their Mother's fire protecting them. And cause the rain to not fall upon my land. And to strike it with plagues.

Other agents form from the other glowing orbs. They appear as the other, except that their pupils glow red. They penetrate me and see my core. I sense that they try to terminate it. The agents clothe themselves. And wrap thin black cloth, almost invisible, around their eyes. So their pupils' glow cannot be seen. We run from them.

The animals around me devolve. Mammals become reptiles. The fleeing pig falls into the sea and drowns. The wolf starves. Other animals do as the pig and flee from predators. Other animals do as the wolf and hunt prey.

Fleeing from my burning man, a unicorn goes into the sea. The air escapes it. The plant in it dissolves. It has no choice but to turn back or drown. But when it returns, it is without its horn. It is only a horse. And a part of the sea turns to crystal. I desire to look into a unicorn's horn, so I can see what lays ahead. And to ride it, so I can reach my destination faster. But it runs from my black and red fire. It comes near only her white and blue fire. Allows only the purest to ride it. Only the Princess and Prince.

I bow down to the Dragon. My snake falls from beloved Jezebel's beautiful cherubs. Slithers on its belly. They close. My tongue comes out of her mouth. She desires that I return into her, but I cannot. So I paint a portrait of my love. In all the colors of the wind. Then lock it up in a cabinet. And bury it by a mantura. So she knows, no matter how greatly the wind blows, our love will stand.

We multiply. I have more children. Many of my sons believe in me. They become my soldiers. They take a few of their sisters with them deeper into the pit. Who also become my soldiers. Many of my daughters are deceived by the Princess. They become her soldiers. The Royal Sisterhood. Believers in the Goddess. Worshippers of the Mother. They guide a few of their brothers up the pit. Who also become her soldiers. The Free Men. Those who have broken free of my grasp. And now claim to fight for freedom.

We grow as an orb. The strongest and most beautiful at the top, and the weakest and ugliest at the bottom, are few. Those in the middle are many. The orb turns into a cone. Flatter at the top, and sharper at the bottom. As many of my children turn back to their Mother. They betray me. The deeper we fall, the more we mutate. The weaker and uglier, the older, we become.

The skin of those closest to the light remains light. Their eyes remain blue. Their hair remains golden and wavy. Those closer to me mutate more. The skin of a few lightens. Their hair reddens. The skin of some yellows. Their eyes darken. Their hair darkens and straightens. The skin of many darkens. Their eyes darken. Their hair darkens and curls, or straightens. Her army is made up mostly of light skins. My army is made up mostly of light skins and other skins. But the amount of other skins grows. Especially that of darker skins.

Though I am still very handsome, I am the ugliest. They do not fight against evil as I do. Are not scarred by her claws and teeth as I am. Though Jezebel is still very beautiful, she is ugliest of her sisters. My jealousy of my more handsome sons grows. Her jealousy of her more beautiful sisters grows. Though they hide it, I know the others laugh at me. But I will be the last to laugh. I am much stronger than Jezebel. But as we fall, I weaken faster. The gap between us lessens. The longer it takes for me to conquer her, the more difficult it will be.

My uglier sons fight against my more handsome sons. To take their more beautiful women. My more handsome sons fight against my uglier sons. To take many women. I must compete against them in a tournament. The greatest will be champion. There can be only one. His land will be of the most high. The most beautiful woman will be his prize. My allies fight against each other. As they fight against me. One day I will bring them all together.

We change our clothes. The Princess wears darker colors. The Prince wears lighter. He will not wear her colors. Light red or light purple.
I burn down the trees to make light. Cut them down to build walls. The rebels are thieves. They steal my weapon's design. Construct a weapon to counter it. They bring down my walls, and put up their own to keep me out. I add stones to them. For my servants, whom I plant in her land, will help me conquer her. In Earth and Ceres, the rebels begin construction of two great machines.

They tell me I will live in peace behind their wall as long as I obey her law. And then the wall can be brought down. I extend to them the same offer. Except that they obey my law and the wall continues to rise. Neither accepts. As the walls rise around me, my world becomes smaller. The world inside is better. It will strengthen me. Though they may not know it, many of my children serve me. For they build my wall.

As I collect stones to place in it, I find precious gems and metals. And use them as money. To pay those who help me build. Those who work more become richer. Many become poorer. I play the least and work the most. And yet I am not the richest. But soon will be. First I will make money. Then I will have the power. Then I will have the most beautiful woman.

The Princess and Prince keep not one gem or metal. Except for the rings upon their fingers. But they do not become poor, for they have everything they need. I send out my servants to seek

them out. To locate their secret base. Their garden. Which moves with them as they climb down the mountain with me. I place them among hers. They must evade her cops. The soldiers who serve and protect her servants in her domain.

More horns fall off unicorns. One for each of my sons. More agents form. One for each of my sons. Most, dressed in the same fashion as those they hunt. To hide among us, and seek out our secret bases. My ally agent dresses as those who serve and protect its prey. So it can go where it pleases, without question. And obtain answers, from whom it pleases. More dress as it does. The veils over their' eyes become darker.

All run and hide from them. For they are as gods. They are ninjas. It is not their strength that is greater than mine. It is their fighting style. I am not used to fighting. I have played a game similar to it before. But have never tried to hurt my beloved. They serve me unknowingly. Build my wall. When they see me, I escape into the wilderness. For they are not as good at navigating it. Are lost in it. Must bring it down before they go through it. The animals help us locate them. For they can more easily sense them.

The one agent feeds off the others. Its ability to manipulate its appearance improves. It can make itself appear more as us. Other agents advance. My enemy agent does not serve me. It does not destroy the wilderness. Its abilities do not improve, as the others. It is only one. And they are many. They will find it, and terminate it.

Jezebel shows too much of herself to me. The snake rises. And I must fall. To hide it. For there are others. They see me kneel before her. My daughters show too much of themselves to my sons. Their snakes rise. And they must fall. And we see them kneeling before them. My daughters laugh. Relishing in the power they have over my sons and I. One day we will make them kneel before us. And we will be the ones to laugh.

The Princess, Prince, Jezebel, and I go to the top of a hill to sing and dance. My other children join us. We teach them how to dance. And how to sing: Doe, a deer, a female deer. Ray, a drop of golden star. Me, a name, I call myself. Fa, a long, long way to run. So, a needle pulling thread. La, a note to follow so. Tea, a drink with jam and bread. That will bring us back to doe.

Now that they know the notes to sing, they can sing most any song. The name of our band is the Human Race. The rest of the wilderness forms its own band. The animals call out. The plants sway. The air whirls. The water rushes. Our bands play together.

As we dance, we sing: Great and marvelous are your deeds, Lord God Almighty. Just and true are your ways, Queen and King of the nations. Who will not fear you, Lord, and bring glory to your name? For you alone are holy. All nations will come and worship before you, for your righteous acts will be revealed.

And we sing a new song: Come closer honey. That's better. Got to get a brand new experience. Feelin' right. Oh, don't try to stop baby, hold me tight. Downtown, the young ones are going. Downtown, the young ones are growing. We're the kids in America. Whoa. We're the kids in

America. Whoa. Everybody live for the music-go-round. La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la. Sing!

The hills come alive with the sound of music. With songs they have sung for a thousand years. They fill our hearts with their sound. We want to sing every song we hear. We beat as the wings of the birds, that rise from the lake to the trees.

My darkness is everywhere. Its bottom is its core, its top is its outer layer. Along with all my sons, except the Prince, I travel across it, up and down. As I go up, one of my sons takes my place at its bottom. In that time I am not the weakest and ugliest. Not the most miserable. But as all my sons are mixed with light, they cannot cause my darkness to grow. Cannot fall deeper than I have.

I fall very slowly. But as I fall deeper, I fall faster. Many times I turn back towards the light. My happiness grows. But then it fades. I turn back towards myself. My misery grows. Many times I rise, and many times I fall. But as time passes, I no longer rise as high, and I fall deeper.

Jezebel plucks a daisy from our garden. Plucks a petal from it and casts it away. Tells herself that I do not love her, and is saddened. Plucks another petal and casts it away. It comes together with the other and they become a butterfly. She tells herself that I do love her, and is happy. She repeats this until there are no more petals left. And twelve butterflies flying around her. Is happy because she believes that I do love her. I pluck the stem and cast it down. It becomes a caterpillar. And out of its mouth falls a daisy seed.

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A princess forges a great sword. And gives it to the man of the most exquisite caliber. Who would be one with it. He rebels against her, and crowns himself king in her land. Takes one more beautiful than him as his bride. His greatest knight rebels against him. And the queen loves him for it. He takes her from him and breaks his sword. Falls upon his knee and asks for her hand in marriage. She accepts, and they live happily ever after. The king takes the crown from his head. And his sword is reforged.

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It is noon. The Star rises to its peak. White clouds scatter around a light blue sky. Above the green grass. She is with me. We travel across the Milky Way. And ride the yellow deer around Saturn's rings. The green hummingbirds through Titan's skies. The red penguins in Orcus' oceans. The blue elephants in Vanth's jungles.

We travel across the Universe. And watch the turquoise pulsar set upon the beryl hills. Hear the purple waves rolling upon the chrysolite mountains. Smell the orange clouds of the peridot asteroid. Lay upon violet leaves of the garnet comet. Eat the pink figs of the trees they fall from. Make love in their shade.

In a land full of wonder, I chase after her. As she chases the white rabbit. But for a thousand moments of love, we experience a moment of hate. For a thousand moments of bliss, we

experience a moment of sorrow. In the day it is too hot. My ugliness is more visible. It is harder for me to hide from my enemies. I spend more time sleeping in it. My misery grows.

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I awaken.

My beloved Jezebel and I move between the light and darkness. The heat burns us. The cold freezes us. My beloved Princess and Prince remain in the middle, between the light and darkness. They are always comfortable. More of her Rebellion lays north of her temple. More of my Empire lays south of mine. America grows faster than Arabia. But as time passes, its growth slows, as Arabia's quickens. I can do very little to build my temple, and destroy hers.

Our fire becomes rock. We gaze upon the rings of the painite comet. I scowl at her. She scowls back. But does not look as ugly. I smile at her. She smiles back. Her smile is more beautiful. We become water. Hear the waves upon the bronze asteroid. I make noise to disrupt her. She makes noise to disrupt me. But her sound is quieter than mine. I sing to her a beautiful song. She sings to me a more beautiful song.

We become air. Smell the clouds around the silver mountains. I breathe poison into her. She breathes poison into me. But her stench is less disgusting. I breathe a sweet scent into her. She breathes a sweeter scent into me. We become plant. Touch the trees of the hercynite hills. I hit her. She hits me. But cannot hurt me as much. I embrace her. She holds onto me. We become fish. Swim the sea in the rutile canyon. The fruit she eats do not regrow in her Tree.

For two moments of love, we experience a moment of hate. For two moments of bliss, we experience a moment of sorrow. At first I grow stronger and more beautiful. Then I grow weaker and uglier. Then I grow stronger and more beautiful again. The others grow in the same manner. But they grow stronger and more beautiful. The Princess and Prince grow strongest and most beautiful.

Most closer to their Mother are stronger and more beautiful. But some are weaker and uglier. The young and the old. And the unlucky ones, struck in battle. I am truly the strongest. My servants are stronger than hers. All of my children, except for the Princess and Prince, grow faster than me. Some leave the womb. Some die. I spend more time awake. My happiness grows.

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The sleeping dimension mixes with the waking.

For thousands of years my spirit travels across the Universe. As my body swims in the womb. Beloved Jezebel and I eat her plant and become intoxicated. I think a happy thought. To forget the quest. Love flows. We come together. My tongue enters her mouth and entwines with hers. My snake enters through her beautiful cherubs.

The happy thought turns to imagination. We pray to each other in a great song. As we perform the great dance. The animals come together to join in the celebration. The earth trembles. The wind whirls. Droplets of rain fall. Above us is her Mother. The Goddess. So distant, that she appears as a fairy. Flying, as with wings upon her arms. Light shines down from her upon us, as dust from a star. Miraculously, we fly up the pit. We become younger, stronger and more beautiful. Almost reach our home.

She would look so beautiful if she was in pain. I must hurt her. Only a little. I cannot reach the Holy Gate. I fall once again. Taking her with me. She tries to pull me back up, but I pull her down. I am no longer intoxicated. I think a miserable thought. Must continue on my quest. Love lessens. I know she is evil, for every time I imagine harming her, my snake awakens. I am strengthened.

I capture animals and domesticate them. They become my friends. They are happier now. They no longer must worry about predators, for I protect them. No longer must worry about food, for I feed them. Most of my pets are mammals. For they are easier to capture than the great reptiles. The great dinosaurs. But soon their king will be mine. My ceilings block out the light. My dams subvert the rivers. The noise of my constructions fills the air. Trees burn and fall. Cubes continue to grow on me. They become heavier. Hotter and colder

An agent captures a son. It is not a match. The agent seems to move as lightning. A flawless victory. It stabs him with its hand. Kills the core of his body. A fatality. Causes him to split in two. One becomes the agent. It duplicates itself. He becomes its clone. His body withers. The clone attacks. It captures a daughter. Whom was his beloved. The same happens again. A flawless victory. A fatality. But she is not split in two. The agent is not duplicated. Her body does wither.

My spirit moves from one small body to another. All who die physically, die spiritually as well. For they vanish from our world. The body only dies when the spirit returns into her. Only those who die physically can return into her. As long as I stay away from her, I will live forever. She is the true death. Is as the machine, but evil. For the machine only destroys our body. But she destroys our spirit also. Yet I do not hate her for it. She does not know better. Is as a child. I still love her greatly, despite what she has done to me.

Jezebel and I fight. So I leave her. My heart becomes lonely. So I go to the hills. And hear the Princess' voice from far away sing to me: "You and me. We used to be together. Everyday together. Always. I really feel that I'm losing my best friend. I can't believe this could be the end. It looks as though you're letting go. And if it's real, well I don't want to know." My heart sings through the day, as a lark learning to pray. I go back to beloved Jezebel and embrace her.

The fear remains in me always. That one day they will overthrow me. I fear the imminent arrival of the Super Sapien. The Royal Sisterhood call him the small one. For he will humble himself before all, and yet become the greatest of all. The Free Men call him the strength of the base of the pillar. For he will claim to be lowest of all, and yet cause all to rise.

The Princess' prophecy will not come true, for I will be God. The King. The Messiah will be my son. My heir. And he will serve me. Establish my caliphate. I will not allow their false Messiah; the

Dajjal; to come into existence. After I conquer the place where he would be born; the garden of Babylon/Jerusalem's Gate; I will order all newly born first sons to be taken out of it. The suffering which exists there will weaken him.

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The moon enters the second house. It is evening. The Star falls over the horizon. The clouds redden around a dark blue sky. The green of the grass fades. I am still with her. We go down to the shady groves and summon the shadows there. And tie a ribbon on those sheltering arms. In the summertime of the year. In the night, my covering protects me from the cold. My ugliness is less visible. It is easier to hide from my enemies. I spend more time awake in it.

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The Holy Gate shrinks, as I move further from it. My hatred of her light grows. My memories vanish. I cannot remember Jupiter. The nightmare grows, as the dream lessens. I meditate less, and think more. Lose control of my magic. Become less man, and more monster. Though I am mostly happy, my misery grows. The good in the world diminishes, as the evil grows.

But I am winning this war. My force grows as my beloved Queen's lessens. Babylon grows as Jerusalem withers. Arabia's growth quickens in relation to America's. My tower grows. More leaves fall from her burning Tree. The pyramid's and white stones' glow dims. I know when I complete my quest, I will be Emperor. My Empire will crush her Rebellion. She will be mine again. Our children will be my servants. The war will end. There will be peace. I will be happy. They will feel the misery I felt. I will have revenge.

We return to the Milky Way. Approach the end of the Universe. The end of the day's night. The space where we began, but in a different time. The end of my quest. Egypt. Soon all eyes will be on Ceres and Mercury. Which are almost fully grown. Of Paradise's many Gates, Isabell and Michael lay by the ones on top. A garden with a single thorn. Jezebel and I lay by the ones at the bottom. A garden with a small thornbush. The green aurora glows, as the stars twinkle, above us. Fireflies dance around us. And crickets sing to us.

I say to Jezebel: "My sweetheart: Do not be afraid. I am the strongest in the Universe. And I love you more than all else. As long as you are with me, you will be safe." She says to me: My sweetheart: We are turning into weak and ugly monsters. Our garden is turning into a thorned forest. Our dream, into a nightmare. Please do not take us deeper into the pit. It is full of terrible dangers. Let us not enter through the Gates of Babylon. But the Gates of Jerusalem. Transform into the strong, handsome King I know you are. Save us.

I hear the Prince's voice from far away say to the Princess: "My sweetheart: This time the hate will not enter me. I will place my Flaming Sword into your Shining Sheath. We will make True Love. Pass through the Holy Gate. And return into Heaven." I hear her voice from far away say: My sweetheart: If you do not truly love me, this Gate will lead us out of Paradise. Lift up the Flaming Sword, and place it into my Shining Sheath.

The snakes rise. A thorn stabs mine. The beautiful cherubs part. My core passes from the head above, to the one below. I am the Snake. We kiss. The great battle is waged. My Empire fights against her Rebellion. Humans against humans. My pets against her wild animals. My machine against her machine, and wilderness. I lay siege upon her garden to burn down its Tree. They lay siege upon my garden to destroy my cube.

I am many black knights. For within each of my sons is one. Under my half of the moon, we face the princesses and princes in my gardens. Under her half of the moon, we transform. Though we remain mostly human, we become slightly as wolf. And face the princesses and princes in her gardens. The agents arrive. We run from them, as we engage in combat. My mind filled with fury, I strike at my enemies. Their mind filled with peace, they strike back.

The Princess and Prince do not see the horror and terror of the battle before them. They fight against me as they play with each other. To them, this is a game. I chase the princess within Jezebel. She does not know that I chase her. She runs from the handsome King within me. To her, this is a game.

Volcanoes erupt. Tsunamis rise. Hurricanes spin. The earth quakes. Many soldiers are struck by brimstone and hail. Many are drowned in water. Many are blown away by wind. Many are swallowed by the earth. We fight as we stand upon our feet. As we fly in the sky. As we swim in the sea.

Back and forth we strike at each other. Many fists and feet are thrown. Many are evaded. Many are blocked. Many are countered. Magically, we shoot burning and freezing orbs at each other. I strike many opponents down. The Princess strikes many up.

The agents take the opportunity to kill their enemies when they are down. They advance on the Prince and I. My cubes push at my stalker agent, slowing it down. They shoot green beams at us. I shoot a red beam at it, as the Prince shoots a blue beam. The beams clash and dissipate. We create energy fields to protect us. The agent advances on him. Strikes at him. But his protector agent saves him. It catches its hand and strikes back. It evades the attack and strikes it down. And continues to pursue the Prince.

The snakes pass through the beautiful cherubs. My thorn stabs her. It causes us both pain. Out of my mouth and the mouths of my men come black holes. Out of the mouths of her men come stars. They become flaming swords in our hands. Out of the ground come vines. Men lift up their swords as women lift up their vines. As our blades and vines near each other, ours glow black on the inside and red on the outside. Theirs glow white on the inside and blue on the outside.

Our blades shoot red beams. Theirs shoot blue beams. Vines turn to diamond and gold. Upon striking our opponents, they are converted. The agents do not have swords or vines. For they have no snakes or cherubs. But they hold in their hands, tools which shoot green beams. Which, upon striking their opponents, kill their bodies. Rock, water, air, and plant explode. Beams flash. Beams are deflected. Vines grow. Vines are cut. Swords clash. Swords are sheathed. Soldiers are

converted. Soldiers are killed.

I fight against her champion. My red flaming sword clashes against his blue flaming sword. Red and blue electricity flashes between our blades. Standing atop a great hill, he calls upon his allies, three times, his voice as thunder. The agents approach us.

Deep within Ceres, the great machine is completed. A reactor that would cause the fire to melt the ice and cause life to flourish again, in case the planet drifts away from the Star, as Jupiter did. I take control of it. If that does happen, they will need the great machine I build to keep them alive. They must live behind my walls. Must pay me to live.

I enter the garden of the princess within Jezebel. Descend upon her. She prays to her Mother. My burning man looks into a unicorn's crystal horn. And through its eyes, I see beings and places I had forgotten. See the Princess before the light. And remember the love I once shared with her. I love her more than anything. And will fulfill her prophecy. Will end this war and make peace with her. After this final punishment.

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East of Eden: The Gates of Paradise

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More of the dream turns into a nightmare.
Under the constellation of Scorpio.

Another horn grows upon my head. A crown upon it. It stabs a white Pearl. The Gate opens as I turn my key. The new age begins. A bowl is poured. A trumpet sounds. Another seal is broken. A sixth of the Book is opened. I eat more of the fruit. Open my eyes.

Across from me, to the north, is another great mountain. Between us is a pit. Filled with great splendor. At the bottom is a valley with a closed Gate. I lay beside it, in a great beautiful garden with an ugly thorn bush. I see the horror. The terror. The evil in me; the hate; grows. In place of my beloved Queen, is a golden haired Sheep. Through its mouth, I fall out of Paradise, into Egypt.

I transform into the Dragon. The Beast carries me. In this hour I will allow him to rule with me. He lays upon Ceres. My beloved Princess lays upon Mercury. Between us is second Earth. My red glow reflects off her pupils, as though a part of me is inside her. Babylon and Jerusalem are renewed. Black cubes continue to encase me. More form upon Jupiter, Ceres, and second Earth.

A part of me attacks her. A part of her attacks me. She is as a dragon. The great battle reaches its peak. A minor explosion. The great volcano erupts. The brimstone burns us, as the hail freezes us. The water drowns us. We are pushed and pulled by the spinning wind. Lose our balance as the ground quakes below us. The green eyed wolf bites us. I r--- her. Breathe fire into her. She breathes fire into me. My misery grows.

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I awaken. Under the constellation of Taurus.

A white Pearl is stabbed by my thorn. I am Abaddon. Greater than when I was Adam. Arabia and America are renewed. I attack my beloved. She attacks me. An explosion. The great volcano erupts. The brimstone burns us, as the hail freezes us. The water drowns us. We are pushed and pulled by the spinning wind. Lose our balance as the ground quakes below us. We fly out of the water and into the sky. Come out of the womb. I make her taste the waste in my mouth. She makes me taste hers. But it is less disgusting. My happiness grows.

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The sleeping dimension mixes with the waking.

We are struck. Ceres and Mercury are struck. Another scratch upon beloved Jezebel and I. The virus; the disease; grows. We grow older, weaker and uglier. But my mechanical shell grows stronger. My temple falls. Our gardens continue to die. More pigs run from wolves. The frogs continue to mutate as they multiply. My burning man becomes a burning sheep. Unicorns run from it. It chases them.

My white knight fights against the black knight. Most of me embraces her. I am as a sheep. Most of her embraces me. She forgives me. My beloved Prince lifts up the sword of good omens and speaks words in a single mighty roar, his voice as thunder: "I have the power!" A blue beam flashes from its sapphire and projects upon the clouds the image of a blue pearl encompassing a black Sheep.

Three of his brothers, who are as sheep, are set loose. They strike at me from every direction. I see their magic, as I hear their roar. The Mother must have heard the princess within Jezebel's prayer. For the ground of her garden's outer edge miraculously fills with thorns. As I dance and sing with her, I say to her: "Today you will be with me in Paradise." She pulls me to her to kiss me deeper. I pull her to me to kiss her, and to punish her. The kiss is broken. The way into Paradise is shut.

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East of Eden: The Gates of Paradise

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More of the dream becomes a nightmare.
Scorpio mixes with Libra. Which dawns over the horizon.

The moon enters the third house. Mars and third Earth dawn over my horizon. Black cubes form upon them. Venus dawns over my beloved Princess'. As her Star moves further from Ceres, its water begins to freeze. Its air begins to dry. Its trees, animals, and people begin to die. It is autumn. Leaves change colors, and fall from the trees. It is morning. The Star rises over the

horizon. Bright red clouds scatter around a dark blue sky. The green of the aurora vanishes. The green of the grass appears. She is with me.

She takes the crown off my head. I am no longer King. But the Beast again. My sword becomes a black hole and returns into my mouth. The Dragon becomes my snake. It weakens and shrinks. Comes out of her Sheep. Pouring white blood. The part of me which stands below her half of the moon transforms back to man.

We escape from the agents. I win against my beloved children. I stop Isabell and Michael from rising. He could not lift the Flaming Sword. They could not form True Love. I bring Muhamad and Jezebel down with me. They cannot stop me from falling. But my victory is incomplete. Isabell and Michael do not fall deeper. Muhamad and Jezebel do not fall as deeply as I. I could not conquer them. Could not punish her enough. My love for her stood in the way.

The wall I built becomes a dam. To hold back the sea. The great river Euphrates begins to dry. I must see more. Must know what evil truly is. I take another bite from the fruit. What I thought was the end of the Universe, was only one of its corners. My quest continues. I fall to the north. Towards third Earth. Mars. And the Great Valley. The war rages.

In our land, the breeze, the trees, and the flowers are blue. As are the sea, the sky, and the castles. The grass grows high. And the feathers float by. We walk across the sand. And the spray flies high. I stand and hold her hand. And no one else's hand will ever do. No one else will do.

I seek out the Princess. But she continues to hide from me within her Mother's light. I must look away from it. Must not allow her great beauty deceive me. The fruits we eat now turn to poison within us. I can no longer drink of the streams that flow from Jezebel's tree. I build slippers and continue my pursuit of the princess within her.

I continue my training in ninjutsu and kenjutsu. My style improves. Soon I will be a ninja samurai. Next time I fight them, I will defeat them. The others also continue their training. More pigs fall into the sea and drown. More wolves starve. Fleeing from my burning sheep, many unicorns go into the sea. And come back out as horses. More of the sea turns to crystal. And some fish in it die.

I bow down to the Dragon. My snake falls from Jezebel's beautiful cherubs. Slithers on its belly. They close. My tongue comes out of her mouth. She desires that I return into her, but I cannot. We continue to age. The Princess and Prince remain young, strong and beautiful. My jealousy of my more handsome sons grows. Jezebel's jealousy of her more beautiful sisters grows. The rebels begin construction of a great machine in Mars. As they continue building the great machine in Earth.

We go to the top of a hill. The Human Race plays with the rest of the wilderness. As we dance, we sing: My love waits by a lonely shore. Gray eyes that look out for me. Stray winds, that's your doubt's destiny. Call out across the sea, from our island of love. Island of love. Island of dreams. Island of fantasy. Send them my love. Tell them my dreams. Tell them to wait for me.

The hills come alive with the sound of music. With songs they have sung for a thousand years. They fill our hearts with their sound. We want to sing every song we hear. We sigh as the chime that flies from a church, on a breeze.

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It is noon. The Star rises to its peak. White clouds scatter around a light blue sky. Above the green grass. She is with me. We travel across the Milky Way. And ride the green giraffes up the mountains of Uranus. The red octopus in Titania's lakes. The blue flamingos through Pluto's skies. The yellow mammoth across Charon's grasslands.

We travel across the Universe. And watch the purple supernova from the jacinth mountains. Hear the orange waterfall upon the amethyst asteroid. Smell the turquoise mist above the sardonyx hills. Hold hands in the amber jungle of the sardius comet. Eat the magenta persimmon of their trees. Make love in their shade.

In a land full of wonder, I continue to chase after her. As she continues to chase after the white rabbit. I cannot catch her. As she cannot catch the rabbit. But for a thousand moments of love, we experience a few moments of hate. For a thousand moments of bliss, we experience a few moments of pain. I spend more time sleeping in the day. My misery grows.

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I awaken. Taurus mixes with Aries. Which dawns over the horizon.

I grow stronger and more handsome. But all others grow stronger and more beautiful than me. Truly I am the strongest. America grows faster than Arabia. But as time passes, its growth slows, as Arabia's quickens. I can do very little to build my temple, and destroy hers.

Beloved Jezebel and I gaze upon the nebula from the opal comet. Hear the waves rolling upon the chrysocolla asteroid. Smell the mist above the ammolite mountain. Touch the grass of the moldavite hills. Swim in the ponds of the anglesite canyon. Fly through the clouds of the osmium cavern. But for a few moments of love, we experience a moment of hate. For a few moments of bliss, we experience a moment of sorrow. I spend more time awake. My happiness grows.

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The sleeping dimension mixes with the waking.

For thousands of years my spirit travels across the Universe. As my body flies in the sky. Beloved Jezebel and I eat her plant and become intoxicated. I think a happy thought. Love flows. We come together. The happy thought turns to imagination. We pray to each other in a great song. As we perform the great dance. The animals come together to join in the celebration. The earth trembles. The wind whirls. Droplets of rain fall.

Light shines down upon us, as dust from a star. Miraculously we fly up the pit, as with wings upon our arms. We almost reach our home. She would look so beautiful if she was in pain. I must hurt her. Only a little. I cannot reach the Gate. I fall once again. Taking her with me. I am no longer intoxicated. I think a miserable thought. Love lessens.

She plucks a daisy from our garden. Plucks petals from it and casts them away. Tells herself that I do not love her, and that I do love her. The petals come together and become butterflies. She plucks until there are no more petals left. 24 butterflies flying around her. And a petal laying upon the grass. Is saddened because she believes that I do not love her.

But I touch the stem and cause another petal to bloom upon it. She plucks it and casts it away. It comes together with the other on the grass and they become a butterfly. The other butterflies follow it into the clouds. She is happy because she believes that I do love her. I pluck the stem and cast it down. It becomes a caterpillar. And out of its mouth falls a daisy seed.

My animal army grows. I capture many great dinosaurs. They become my pets. But I have yet to capture their king. My ceilings block out the light. My dams subvert the rivers. The noise of my constructions fills the air. Trees burn and fall. Cubes continue to grow on me. They become heavier. Hotter and colder.

Jezebel and I fight. So I leave her. My heart becomes lonely. So I go to the hills. And hear the Princess' voice from far away sing to me: "The stranger sang a theme. From someone else's dream. The leaves began to fall. And no one spoke at all. But I can't seem to forget. When you came along. Ingenue. Ingenue. I just don't know what to do." My heart sings through the day, as a lark learning to pray. I go back to beloved Jezebel and embrace her.

The fear remains in me always. That one day they will overthrow me. I fear the imminent arrival of the Super Sapien. The Rebellion still believe in their false prophecy. A first son was born in the garden of Babylon/Jerusalem's Gate. I will not allow the Dajjal to come into existence. After I conquer the garden, I will order all first born sons approaching puberty to be taken out of it.

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A handsome virgin prince goes off to find a beautiful virgin princess. One of my kings chases a beautiful virgin princess, in search of a handsome virgin prince. He corners her at the edge of a cliff. She prays to her Mother. Her hair miraculously grows long. And she uses it to climb down the cliff. But the king also use it to climb down.

She cuts her hair and runs off. He follows. And corners her at the sea. She casts herself into it. He follows. And gains on her. She prays to her Mother. Fins as that of a fish grow upon her legs. And she swims faster. He cannot catch her. She comes to a rock and rests. She has escaped capture, but can no longer leave the sea.

Each day a scale falls off her tail. And as she awaits the day she can return to land, she sings her

plead to me. That I would let her return. To be part of a world where she can see the people walking and dancing. Where she can walk and dance with them. The prince hears a tale of a princess lost at sea, and heads for it. The king builds a boat and searches for her in the sea.

After a time, when all of her scales had fallen, she swims to the shore. But my knights wait for her there and capture her. They build her a palace to live in as they await the king. The prince hears a tale of a princess locked in her own palace, and heads for the closest one.

She wants to gaze upon the stars. So chandeliers are hung from all the ceilings. She wants to bathe in the streams. So fountains furnish all the rooms. She wants to smell the flowers. So they are hung upon all the walls. But it is not enough for her. She wants to feel the softness of the grass beneath her feet. So the best weavers are hired. To weave the finest fabric. To carpet all the floors with it. And she is told that her feet will never leave the carpet. Unless the king allows them to.

On the day he arrives, the prince storms the palace. He strikes up many knights and finds her. But the king also finds her, and fights him for her. The prince defeats him. More knights arrive to take her. But the prince is weakened and can no longer fight. She prays to her Mother. He kisses her. The carpet beneath them miraculously comes alive. And they fly off to their garden. He falls upon his knee and asks for her hand in marriage. She accepts, and they live happily ever after.

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The moon enters the fourth house. It is evening. The Star falls over the horizon. The clouds redden around a dark blue sky. The green of the grass fades. I am still with her. Owls call the breathless moon, in the blue veil of the night. The shadows of the trees appear, amidst the lantern light. I spend more time awake in the night.

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The Holy Gate shrinks, as I move further from it. My hatred of her light grows. My memories vanish. I cannot remember Ceres. The nightmare grows, as the dream lessens. I meditate less, and think more. Lose control of my magic. Become less man, and more monster. Though I am mostly happy, my misery grows. The good in the world diminishes, as the evil grows.

But I am winning this war. My force grows as my beloved Queen's lessens. Babylon grows as Jerusalem withers. Arabia's growth quickens in relation to America's. My tower grows. More leaves fall from her burning Tree. The pyramid's and white stones' glow dims. I know when I complete my quest, I will be Emperor. My Empire will crush her Rebellion. She will be mine again. Our children will be my servants. The war will end. There will be peace. I will be happy. They will feel the misery I felt. I will have revenge.

We return to the Milky Way. Approach the end of the Universe. The end of the day's night. The space where we began, but in a different time. Egypt. Soon all eyes will be on Mars and Venus. Which are almost fully grown. Of the many Gates, Isabell and Michael lay by the ones on top. A

garden with a single thorn. Jezebel and I lay by the ones at the bottom. A garden with a thornbush. The green aurora glows, as the stars twinkle, above us. Fireflies dance around us. And crickets sing to us.

I say to Jezebel: "My honey: Do not be afraid. I am the strongest in the Universe. I will always love you. And will protect you." She says to me: My honey: We are turning into weak and ugly monsters. Please do not take us deeper into the pit. Transform into the strong, handsome King. Save us.

I hear the Prince's voice from far away say to the Princess: "My honey: This time the hate will not enter me. I will place my Flaming Sword into your Shining Sheath. We will make True Love. Pass through the Holy Gate. And return into Heaven." I hear her voice from far away say: My honey: If you do not truly love me, this Gate will lead us into the Abyss. Lift up the Flaming Sword, and place it into my Shining Sheath.

The snakes rise. A thorn stabs mine. The beautiful cherubs part. I am the Snake. We kiss. The great battle is waged. My Empire fights against her Rebellion. Humans against humans. My pets against her wild animals. My machine against her machine, and wilderness. I lay siege upon her garden to burn down its Tree. They lay siege upon my garden to destroy my cube.

Under my half of the moon, my black knights face the princesses and princes in my gardens. Under her half of the moon, my black knights transform. We become slightly as wolf. And face the princesses and princes in her gardens. The agents arrive. We run from them, as we engage in combat. My mind filled with fury, I strike at my enemies. Their mind filled with peace, they strike back.

Volcanoes erupt. Tsunamis rise. Hurricanes spin. The earth quakes. Many soldiers are struck by brimstone and hail. Many are drowned in water. Many are blown away by wind. Many are swallowed by the earth. Back and forth we strike at each other. I strike many opponents down. The Princess strikes many up.

My stalker agent advances on me. The other agent advances on the Prince. It strikes at him, but his protector agent saves him. It catches its foot and strikes at the agent. It evades the attack and strikes it down. And continues to pursue the Prince.

The snakes pass through the beautiful cherubs. My thorn stabs her. It causes us both pain. Flaming swords appear in our hands as vines appear out of the ground. We lift them up. Rock, water, air, and plant explode. Beams flash. Beams are deflected. Vines grow. Vines are cut. Swords clash. Swords are sheathed. Soldiers are converted. Soldiers are killed.

I fight against her champion. My red flaming sword clashes against his blue flaming sword. Red and blue electricity flashes between our blades. Standing atop a great hill, he calls upon his allies, three times, his voice as thunder. The agents approach us.

Deep within Mars, the great machine is completed. A reactor as the one in Ceres. I take control of

it also. If Mars drifts away from the Star, as Ceres and Jupiter, they will need the great machine I build to keep them alive. They must live behind my walls. Must pay me to live.

I chase the princess within Jezebel to her garden's other edge. She has no slippers upon her feet and cannot continue without pricking them. I descend upon her. She prays to her Mother. My burning sheep looks into a unicorn's crystal horn. And through its eyes, I see beings and places I had forgotten. See the Princess before the light. And remember the love I once shared with her. I love her more than anything. And will fulfill her prophecy. Will end this war and make peace with her. After this final punishment.

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North of Eden: The Gates of the Abyss

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More of the dream turns into a nightmare.
Under the constellation of Libra.

Another horn grows upon my head. A crown upon it. It stabs a white Pearl. The Gate opens as I turn my key. The new age begins. A bowl is poured. A trumpet sounds. Another seal is broken. A third of the Book is opened. I eat more of the fruit. Open my eyes.

Across from me, to the west, is another great mountain. Between us is a pit. Filled with great splendor. I look for the bottom, but all I see is my darkness. And in it, unimaginable horror and terror. The evil in me; the hate; grows. In place of my beloved's Sheep, is a golden haired Cow. Through its mouth, I fall into the Abyss, into Egypt.

I transform into the Dragon. The Beast carries me. In this hour I will allow him to rule with me. He lays upon Mars. My beloved Princess lays upon Venus. Between us is third Earth. I see myself reflected in her black pupils. As though a part of me is inside of her. Babylon and Jerusalem are renewed. Black cubes continue to encase me. More form upon Jupiter, Ceres, Mars, and third Earth.

A part of me attacks her. A part of her attacks me. She is as a dragon. The great battle reaches its peak. An explosion. The great volcano erupts. The brimstone burns us, as the hail freezes us. The water drowns us. We are pushed and pulled by the spinning wind. Lose our balance as the ground quakes below us. The green eyed wolf bites us. I r--- her. Breathe fire into her. She breathes fire into me. My misery grows.

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I awaken. Under the constellation of Aries.

A white Pearl is stabbed by my thorn. I am Alla. Greater than when I was Abaddon. Arabia and America are renewed. I attack my beloved. She attacks me. A minor explosion. The great volcano erupts. The brimstone burns us, as the hail freezes us. The water drowns us. We are pushed and

pulled by the spinning wind. Lose our balance as the ground quakes below us. Come down from the sky, onto dry land. Reach puberty. I r--- her. Am drowned in her blood. My happiness grows.

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The sleeping dimension mixes with the waking.

We are struck. Mars and Venus are struck. The virus; the disease; grows. Another scratch upon beloved Jezebel and I. We grow older, weaker and uglier. But my mechanical shell grows stronger. My temple falls. Our gardens continue to die. More pigs run from wolves. The frogs continue to mutate as they multiply. My burning sheep becomes a burning bull. The unicorns run from it. It chases them.

My white knight fights against the black knight. Most of me embraces her. I am as a bull. Most of her embraces me. She forgives me. My beloved Prince lifts up the sword of good omens and speaks words in a single mighty roar, his voice as thunder: "I have the power!" A blue beam flashes from its sapphire and projects upon the clouds the image of a blue pearl encompassing a black Bull.

Three of his brothers, who are as bulls, are set loose. They strike at me from every direction. I see their magic, as I hear their roar.
The Mother must have heard the princess within Jezebel's prayer. For upon her feet, slippers miraculously appear. Made of crystal, so her beauty is not hidden. And she runs across the thorns.

As I dance and sing with her, I say to us: "Behold your Father. Behold their Mother." For now, my children's spiritual attraction to their Mother and I, turns to physical attraction to their sister and brother. She pulls me to her to kiss me. I pull her to me to kiss her, and to punish her. The kiss is broken. The way out of the Abyss is shut.

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North of Eden: The Gates of the Abyss
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More of the dream becomes a nightmare.
Libra mixes with Virgo. Which dawns over the horizon.

The moon enters the fifth house. Fourth Earth dawns over my horizon and my beloved Princess'. A black cube forms upon it. As her Star moves further from Mars, its water begins to freeze. Its air begins to dry. Its trees, animals, and people begin to die. It is winter. Leaves continue to fall from the trees. It is morning. The Star rises over the horizon. Bright red clouds scatter around a dark blue sky. The green of the aurora vanishes. The green of the grass appears. She is with me.

She takes the crown off my head. I am no longer King. But the Beast again. My sword becomes a black hole and returns into my mouth. The Dragon becomes my snake. It weakens and shrinks. Comes out of her Cow. Pouring white blood.

We escape from the agents. I win against my beloved children. I stop Isabell and Michael from rising. He could not lift the Flaming Sword. They could not form True Love. I bring Muhamad and Jezebel down with me. They cannot stop me from falling. But my victory is incomplete. Isabell and Michael do not fall deeper. Muhamad and Jezebel do not fall as deeply as I. I could not conquer them. Could not punish her enough. My love for her stood in the way.

I must see more. Must know what evil truly is. I take another bite from the fruit. My quest continues. I fall to the west. Towards middle Earth. And the great darkness within me. The war rages.

Cloudless, every day she falls upon my waking eyes. Inviting and inciting me to rise. And through the window in the wall, come streaming in on starlight wings, a million bright ambassadors of morning. And no one sings me lullabies. And no one makes me close my eyes. So I throw the windows wide. And call to her across the sky.

I seek out the Princess. But she continues to hide from me within her Mother's light. I must look away from it. Must not allow her false power weaken me. I continue my pursuit of the princess within Jezebel.

I continue my training in ninjutsu and kenjutsu. My style improves. Soon I will be a ninja samurai. Next time I fight them, I will defeat them. The others also continue their training. More pigs fall into the sea and drown. More wolves starve. Fleeing from my burning bull, many unicorns go into the sea. And come back out as horses. More of the sea turns to crystal. Some fish in it die.

I bow down to the Dragon. My snake falls from beloved Jezebel's beautiful cherubs. Slithers on its belly. They close. My tongue comes out of her mouth. She desires that I return into her, but I cannot. We continue to age. The Princess and Prince remain young, strong and beautiful. My jealousy of my more handsome sons grows. Jezebel's jealousy of her more beautiful sisters grows. The rebels continue building the great machine in Earth.

We go to the top of a hill. The Human Race plays with the rest of the wilderness. As we dance, we sing: Love, devotion, feeling, emotion. Don't be afraid to be weak. Don't be proud to be strong. Just look into your heart, my friend. That will be the return to yourself. The return to innocence. Eyay, haya, ohay, haya.

The hills come alive with the sound of music. With songs they have sung for a thousand years. They fill our hearts with their sound. We want to sing every song we hear. We laugh as a brook, as it trips and falls, over stones on its way.

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It is noon. The Star rises to its peak. White clouds scatter around a light blue sky. Above the green grass. She is with me. We travel across the Milky Way. And ride the red ostriches upon Neptune's hills. The blue seahorses in Triton's rivers. The yellow ladybugs across Eris' skies. The green tigers

through Dysnomia's forests.

We travel across the Universe. And watch the orange meteors rain down from the topaz asteroid. Hear the turquoise geysers shoot out of the chrysoprase comet. Smell the purple clouds around the jasper mountains. Roll down the scarlet grass of the chalcedony hills. Eat the teal strawberries of their trees. Make love in their shade.

In a land full of wonder, I continue to chase her. As she continues to chase the white rabbit. She stops. And it stops. She digs a hole and places a carrot in it. We approach her. And enter into her hole. And the rabbit appears upon my head. With the carrot in its mouth. As it jumps off my head, it becomes a white lion. It eats the carrot, as it runs off. She bites and scratches me. And I release her. She chases it. And I chase her.

But for a thousand moments of love, we experience moments of hate. For a thousand moments of bliss, we experience moments of pain. I spend more time sleeping in the day. My misery grows.

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I awaken. Aries mixes with Pisces. Which dawns over the horizon.

I grow stronger and more handsome. All others grow stronger and more beautiful than me. But truly I am the strongest. Those whose bodies grow quicker than mine gather more wisdom. The great ones among them become sages. America grows faster than Arabia. But as time passes, its growth slows, as Arabia's quickens. I can do very little to build my temple, and destroy hers.

Beloved Jezebel and I see the aurora above the quartz comet. Hear the waves rolling upon the goethite asteroid. Smell the sky above the labradorite mountains. Touch the grass of the chalcanthite hills. Swim the streams in the charoite canyon. Fly through the fog of the tourmaline cavern. Run upon the jungle's fluorite ground. But for a few moments of love, we experience a moment of hate. For a few moments of bliss, we experience a moment of sorrow. I spend more time awake. My happiness grows.

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The sleeping dimension mixes with the waking.

For thousands of years my spirit travels across the Universe. As my body walks upon land. Jezebel and I eat her plant and become intoxicated. I think a happy thought. Love flows. We come together. The happy thought turns to imagination. Miraculously we fly up the pit. She would look so beautiful if she was in pain. I cannot reach the Gate. I fall once again. Taking her with me. I am no longer intoxicated. I think a miserable thought. Hate flows.

Our one continent breaks apart. An ocean splits the heartland. The dinosaurs go out to fulfill their dream. To find a great valley, where they can live in peace. The brontosaurus and pteranodon live in the same land, but will not play with each other, for they are of a different kind. Their king, the

tyrannosaurus, fights against the brontosaurus. He bites her neck. But is swept off his feet by her tail. He falls into a chasm. She dies.

The velociraptors hunt her child. Who joins with saurolophus, stegosaurus, and triceratops children. Who have also lost their parents. The Mother guides her child. And he guides his friends. They stop fleeing and turn to fight. And defeat them.

The tyrannosaurus awakens and hunts them. They flee from him. Again, the Mother guides her child. And he guides his friends. They stop fleeing and turn to fight. But cannot defeat him. As he comes down to eat the brontosaurus, a child pteranodon joins them. And together they defeat the tyrannosaurus. They find a great valley. And in it they befriend tyrannosaurus and raptor children. And they all live together in peace.

An asteroid hits the Earth, causing great destruction. Many animals are killed. I capture the great tyrannosaurus. My allies on other planets capture alien animals. My animal army is now mostly reptilian. In a green country, the other apes fight against me. I capture the one who is as their king. As easily as I capture the donkey. And take him into my machine. To fight for me. And yet their king evades me.

They sing a song against me: "My, my, the clock in the sky is pounding away. And there's so much to say. A face. A voice. An overdub has no choice. An image cannot rejoice. Wanting to be. To hear and to see. Crying to the sky. But the porpoise is laughing goodbye, goodbye." From the equator, the Princess travels to the physical north. It becomes too hot. I follow her. Our temples move with us. Our skin lightens. Our hair browns and straightens. The apes lose their tails and begin to appear more as humans.

Jezebel and I fight. So I leave her. My heart becomes lonely. So I go to the hills. And hear the Princess' voice from far away sing to me: "Every time I try to fly, I fall without my wings. I feel so small. I guess I need you, baby. And every time I see you in my dreams, I see your face. It's haunting me. I guess I need you, baby." My heart sings through the day, as a lark learning to pray. I go back to beloved Jezebel and embrace her.

The fear remains in me always. That one day they will overthrow me. I fear the imminent arrival of the Super Sapien. The Rebellion still believe in their false prophecy. A boy has become a man in the garden of Babylon/Jerusalem's Gate. I will not allow the Dajjal to come into existence. After I conquer the garden, I will order all first born men approaching their peak to be taken out of it.

She is so proud of her beauty. Shows much of herself. Of all creatures, she has least shame. I capture animals and gift them to her. She frees them. I try to cut a tree, to use it to build gifts for her. She stands in front of it. Instead of thanking me, she scolds me. She repays my kindness with cruelty. Of all creatures, she is least grateful. She refuses to work hard. I am forced to work harder. Of all creatures, she is most lazy.

I laugh at those weaker and uglier than me. The elders and the children. And those wounded in battle. It makes me feel stronger and more beautiful. The stronger, more beautiful ones laugh at

me. At my weakness and ugliness. I beat those weaker than me. It makes me feel stronger. The stronger ones beat me. The women watch as they do. They do so only to impress her. To show her how strong they are. She rewards them for it by mating with them. After many fights I am greatly scarred. Am burnt in her fire.

The rebels are the part of my Empire who will not serve me. But their Mother. The Empress, who is as a child. I see the looks on their faces as they pass by. They fear me. Though I do not mean to harm them. I cannot have peace when they are around. I must be alone. She sends her soldiers out to arrest me.

I go into the cave to hide from them. A spider spins a web at its entrance. They do not enter, and I am safe. Deep inside is its mother. A great spider. Larger than a tyrannosaurus. It tries to capture me, but I escape from it. Then bring my soldiers into the cave to capture it. After a great battle, they succeed. Now the cave is mine. Here, is Mecca's core. The heart of my great fortress.

Jezebel offers me her hand to dance. But I do not take it. She sings to me. But I do not reply. Her desire for me lessens. The more handsome man desires her. She desires him more than me. I cannot allow him to take her from me.

If there is a God, he would be evil. For letting me suffer so much. While he lets others have so much joy. He is the terrible master. For he is not kind to his servants. If I serve him, I will spend my life serving my sons. I will lust after their beautiful women. But never have them. I will live in misery. And die alone.

There is no God. There is no Heaven. The dream is false. There is no spirit. Only the body. The Universe was conceived dead. The rock, water, air, and tree are dead. The blind will never see again. The crippled will never walk again. Those who live in the dungeon will never be free again. I am made up only of this body. This is the only life I will ever live. Death is my final destination.

If I am kind to others, I will have nothing. I should be kind only to myself. I must serve myself. Must do whatever I can to have joy. No matter that others must suffer because of it. If I want Paradise, I must turn the world around me into it. No matter that the rest of the world turns to Hell. That is their punishment for being weak. If I take the beautiful ones who abused me, and do as I please with them, they will be miserable, but I will be happy.

She is spectacular. Her appearance is beyond belief. Nothing in the Universe can compare with it. The joys a man can have with her cannot be counted. To live a life without her is unimaginable. How can I live without that which is most amazing? I would do anything to have her. Nothing I do can be wrong if I get her. For why else would she exist if I cannot?

If many must suffer so I can have her, then surely they must deserve it. The handsome man is blessed with beauty. To have the beautiful woman also would be too much a reward. It is fair that I should have her. He has so much. It is fair that I take from him. So I can become equal with him. Become greater.

The lion captures its prey to live. It kills its brothers to take their mates. So must I capture my prey to live. So must I kill my sons to take their mates. If I enslave my children, kill my sons, r--- my daughters, that is their punishment for being weak. For allowing themselves to be captured. That is my reward for being strong. It is all part of the game. It is the only way to win the tournament.

I will create a world where the great man can have many women. Where the ugly man can have the beautiful woman. And the other men will not fight against him for it. This war is caused by her. For she is built flawed. She must be destroyed and rebuilt to be as I. Though her attachment to her first mate is very great, her attachment to the second is much less. And her attachment to others continues to lessen.

I will convince them that the pubescent are still children. And as they consider child marriage evil, they will be forbidden to marry. They will be forced to fornicate, or suffer in celibacy. Many will fornicate. Men do not become attached to the woman they mate with. Without marriage to keep them together, most will leave their first for another. I will legalize adultery. So more will commit it. And marriages will end.

Women will become as men. Mating with different men will become normal for them. Mating with many men will become normal. She will be fixed. I will build br-thels. So the few women can satisfy the many men. Then the great men can have many women. The ugly men can have the beautiful women. There will be peace.

I convince Muhamad that if we join together we can win against the handsome men. For though they appear stronger, they are truly weaker. They are few, and we are many. As they play, we work. Build walls and weapons. Capture animals to ride into battle. I send my army out to conquer the world. We wave our black flags and white flags. Which symbolize separation between man and woman. And strike at her without warning. Invade and conquer. Animals submit to humans. Women submit to men. Weak men submit to great men.

We destroy the edge of her land. Grass turns to sand. Gardens become deserts. We build walls in them. They become a city. Mecca grows. I cause destruction around the core of her land. Gardens become a great fortress. As long as it stands, Mecca will be protected. For though its kings will claim to serve the Queen, they will truly serve me. And they will lead her people into serving me. I send some of my soldiers into her land. They destroy it. I bring some of her soldiers into my land. They are destroyed.

I punish those I capture. They become my slaves. Those who do not obey are beaten. The odor of garbage fills the air. My closest allies learn the black tongue. Others learn other languages. Many people can no longer communicate with each other.

I destroy the beauty of the world. So my ugliness does not stand out as much. So none believe they are greater than I. I convince them to make themselves uglier. They inject ink into their skin. Pierce it with much jewelry. Grow their hair too long. Cut it too short. Or cover it with cloth. Men let their beards grow long. Some wear much clothing. And some show much skin. The women are made to wear more. And less. Theirs is made darker.

I take as much as I can from the world. That which I cannot use, I sell. That which was once free, now has a price. Freedom must be bought. With money. The beautiful woman wants freedom. She must pay for it. She does not have enough. So she must pay me with herself. My br-thels open.

I create p--n. Images of s--. So she is shamed. So more will fornicate. And we can flourish. Some men take many women. The rich men. The handsome men whom I have converted. The ugly men who take by force. Many men are left with none. Some of the uglier men take more beautiful women who do not desire them. Some of the more handsome men must take uglier women whom they do not desire. The ugliest women are left with none. Many are destroyed.

I give my enemies books I wrote. And tell them they are from God. The true meaning of Christian and Jew is forgotten. Many who are, claim they are not. And many who claim to be, are truly of my temple. I build a false church. Those who accept my religion and become false Christians become my slaves. They obey many of my commands. Those who do not bow down to me are crucified. So they can suffer and die upon their symbol. So their symbol brings them misery.

I beat the animals. To break them. So they will serve me. We eat their flesh. For my lands continue to die, and in many parts there is not enough vegetation. Where there is enough, we eat their flesh, for it is delicious. I put fences around them. And turn their home into a park. So I can gaze upon them and be entertained. Their king is my pet. I watch as my tyrannosaurus devours my goat. Their queen is my pet. I watch as my great spider cocoons her prey.

The sages warn me. A great man and great woman have come together. And in the wilderness created a great boy child. Among the animals, he was born. Adam. Light skin. Golden, wavy hair. Blue eyes. So I try to kill all first born sons in his land. But the sages warn me again, that I have failed to kill him. John, her small prophet, six hours older than him, prophesies of him. His student. The young gains the wisdom of the old. The master becomes the student. And the student, the master. He becomes a greater prophet.

I offer him the kingdom, but he refuses. Three times. He teaches that man is the lowest and the highest. Satan and God. Blames the snake, and its master, the Dragon, for sin. But that through him, the sin is erased. Prophecies of coming destruction. But I do not heed his warning. He reaches the age of 51. I kill him. The pain is too great. I desire to die. But cannot kill myself. The garden at my Gate is almost completely withered.

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The moon enters the sixth house. Deeper into winter, snow begins to fall. It is evening. The Star sets over the horizon. The clouds redden around a dark blue sky. The green of the grass fades. I am still with her. They link their hands and dance. Round in circles and in rows. And so the journey of the night descends. And many shades are gone. I spend more time awake in the night.

We arrive at the Heartland. The land in the middle, between light and darkness. 33.3% up, from

the equator to the pole. 66.6% down, from the pole to the equator. The Gates of Arabia and Babylon to the south. My domain's northern boundary. Which I call Egypt. For the physical dimension will govern the spiritual. And the Gates of Jerusalem and America to the north. Her domain's southern boundary. Which she calls Israel. For she believes the spiritual dimension will govern the physical.

Jezebel plucks a daisy from our garden. Plucks petals from it and casts them away. Tells herself that I do not love her, and that I do love her. Plucks until there are no more petals left. And 95 on the grass. Is saddened because she believes that I do not love her. Casts the stem away. It falls upon the grass and dies along with the petals.

I kneel before the black cube. And become a sapien man. I now know how to use her lightning to destroy her. I must build. I begin construction of the power generator. The great pyramid. I lay down a gold stone and a white stone. A great explosion. The volcano erupts. The tsunamis rise. The hurricanes spin. The earth quakes. The dead rise from their graves. The prophet lives again. And becomes what I dread most. The Super Sapien. He knows how to use her lightning to destroy me.

To look upon him is as seeing it flash. His golden hair glows white, for it stands just beneath her light. His blue eyes glow. As does his feet, as burning bronze. For they stand upon my darkness. Which spreads and covers the land. The people run from it. Towards their Mother. My force diminishes, as hers grows.

The rebels summon the wild animals. Some of which take them upon their backs. They wave their rainbow flags. Which symbolize the union between man and woman. And strike back at my Empire. The Earth fights with them. The prophet whispers words against me. His voice as the sound of rushing waters. A great flood sweeps over the land. Many of my walls are destroyed.

Slaves are set free. Humans and animals. Sent back to their homes to be strengthened. My servants are arrested. Their crowns taken from them. Water turns to ice. Snow covers the land. It melts and turns to grass. Sand turns to grass. They use their machine to destroy my machine. And replant the wilderness. Walls fall and trees grow in their place. Deserts become gardens.

Many of my children reach their physical peaks. Then they begin to wither. Many reach menopause. The men's snakes become worms again. Many die. The prophet dies. The Free Men cut the thorns from their faces, to remain handsome. My beard grows. I am not handsome even without it, so it does not matter. But I cut the part above my lips short. For it is unnatural. They call the elder's worm the great worm. For it has come out of the bottomless pit and can no longer cause destruction.

Their elderly men rule over their great men. And they teach that we must be innocent as children. They follow their wives. The children follow their mother. Mostly, it is the old and young who fight against me. The Royal Sisterhood rules over them. They stand in the way of peace. They believe that the man is built flawed. That he must be as the woman. Take only one woman. The uglier man must be satisfied with his uglier wife.

It is easy for them to say. For they have the beautiful women. They have everything. Strength and beauty. The great land. Why should the women get what they want, though they are inferior? And men not get what we want, though we are superior? I will draw their boys and elderly men into me. For the boys lust for blood. And the elders lust for the young woman. I will draw their strong, handsome men into me. For they lust for many women. They will all serve me.

The beautiful woman wh-res herself to the strong, handsome man. Can she not see that he is just using her? She is so weak. Why does she not give herself to me instead? I would treat her as a queen. She is so stupid. She looks so disgusting as she mates with him. How can she let one other than her husband do that to her? She is so cheap. She does not desire me. She thinks because of her great beauty, that she is greater than me. But I will show her that I am greater.

I take another woman. Jezebel takes another man. I have the right to. She does not. The man needs more than one woman. The more women he conquers, the greater he is. The woman who wants more than one man is a wh-re. The more men she wh-res herself to, the more disgusting she is. I beat her for cheating on me. She sends men to beat me. I have the right to. She does not. I am the one who feeds her and protects her. She does nothing for me.

My Empire strikes back. I gather more servants than before. My walls rise higher than before. The great pyramid is completed. It collects energy from the light of the Star and uses it to generate power. The light that shines from it begins to burn the grass around it. I will build other pyramids. Soon the entire planet will be full of them. All the grass will be burnt. Once again the people turn away from their Mother, and back to me. Her force diminishes, as mine grows. I fear the imminent arrival of the next Super Sapien.

She continues to move north as the weather heats. I follow her. Where she stops becomes a new nation. The United Queendom. Her domain's northern boundary. It grows great. I attack it. It breaks apart. Mecca grows. In her land it is given another name. Rome. So it remains secret. I place my other black stone in it. I continue further north. It becomes too cold. After a time she travels back south. I follow her. She continues into my domain. The land around my great pyramid has become a desert. Soon all the lands will be deserts.

The sages warn me again. A great man and great woman have come together. And in the wilderness created a great boy child. Among the animals, he was born. Noah. So I kill all first born sons in his land. But the sages warn me again, that I have failed to kill him.

John, her small prophet, six days older, prophesies of his coming. The student becomes the master. He becomes a greater prophet. I offer him the kingdom, but he refuses. Three times. He prophesies of coming destruction. But I do not heed his warning. He reaches the age of 42. And I kill him. The pain is too great. I desire to die. But cannot kill myself. The garden at my Gate is almost completely withered. Only a single rose remains.

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An explosion. The volcano erupts. The tsunamis rise. The hurricanes spin. The earth quakes. The dead rise from their graves. He lives again. And becomes what I dread most. The second Super Sapien. To look upon him is as seeing lightning flash. My darkness covers the land. The people run from it. Towards their Mother. My force diminishes, as hers grows.

A great flood drowns the land. My servants, pets, and many of my walls are destroyed in it. My pyramid is destroyed. Her servants and animals survive. For the prophet had built a great ship to carry them. The waters recede. He dies. After a time, the people turn away from her, and back to me. Her force diminishes, as mine grows. I fear the imminent arrival of the next Super Sapien.

I summon my greatest servant, Muhamad, into my cave, and have my demons beat him for failing to destroy my enemy. So he is filled with hate. I say to him: I am Alla. God of the physical dimension. The only God. My word is the Quran. The Message within the Book of Life and Death. Teach it to all men. Say to them:

My brothers: I am the prophet of Alla. The true God. The darkness. My words are his. Islam; submission; is his religion. His temple is the mosque. The place where his servants prostrate themselves before him. The large crescent moon before the small star is his symbol. The night is greater than the day. His darkness is greater than her light. The sharp tips symbolize the weapons we must use to conquer.

Convert. Become Muslims. Alla's slaves. Submit to him. Prostrate yourselves before him. Worship him. To serve him is to serve ourselves. For he tells us to do all that we want. To make our deepest desires come true. Unlike the enemy, who forces us to obey her laws, and takes away all of our pleasures, he sets us free. Do not question his religion. And he will give you the answers.

Do not let love stand in your way. Place logic above it. Truly love only him. For all else have sinned. Just as he hates the weak, so must you hate. Let it flow through you. And out of you. Into all others. If we submit to him, we can conquer all others. Humans and animals. Man is the greatest in the Universe. For we can conquer all. All must submit to us. The weak must serve the strong. The more slaves you have, the greater you will be. The more like Alla you will be.

The cycle of bondage must never end. The children of slaves must be slaves. They are guilty of their parents' crime. The crime of not serving Alla. The crime of being weak. They are our property. If they do not obey you, beat them. You may conquer others. Take all that they own. Enslave them. But if any takes from you, they are a thief. Cut off their hand.

Beware Satan. The Light. The Unholy Mother. Her throne sits in Hell. She is the fire that burns. She rebelled against our Father. And pulled us out of Paradise. You must destroy her. Put out the light. Turn the day into night. Turn her white stones black.

Her daughters are her army of demons. Her temptresses. Your love for them is the reason you cannot be happy. You must not love them. You must hate them. Take away the wh-re's dream. Turn it into a nightmare. Beat her. Torture her. Make her suffer. Make her cry and scream. For she only learns to submit through pain. Her eyes must always be downcast. Except when you

want to see her tears. Her voice must always be quiet. Except when you want to hear her scream.

Do not allow her to return to her home. Cut off her wings. Take her away from the garden. Lock her up in the cube. Let her out only to go to our temple. So she can pray for her destruction. And to work. So she can build her prison. Let her never find joy in climbing the mountain. Swimming in the sea. Jumping in the air. Running through the forest.

She has the body of sin. Though she is weak, she is beautiful. It is with her beauty she weakens you. Cover the one whom you have only partially conquered in black sheets. So she is always surrounded by darkness. So the world is stripped of her beauty. So she is stripped of her power over you. So your handsome enemy cannot find her, love her, and take her away from you.

Let her sweat in the light every moment she is in it. So she hates being outside. Hates the light. Hates herself. Let her clothing restrict her movements. So she cannot climb, swim, jump, and run. Let it slow her down. So she cannot escape from you. Put a veil over her eyes. To hide the beauty of the world from her. So all she sees is ugliness. So she can never find your handsome enemy, love him, and escape with him.

In your house, around your brothers, she may remove her covering. Only after she feeds them from her br----. So she can bring them pleasure. While they bring her shame. Strip the one you have enslaved naked, except for her cursed place. And parade her in the streets. So she can be shamed before all. Strip the one who lives in your dungeon completely naked. For she is a filthy animal. She must be full of shame. But the one who shows herself has no shame. She knows the feelings it provokes in us. She wants to be r---d.

The weak man; the poor man; is not permitted to look upon her. If she is uncovered, he must avert his eyes from her. He is not permitted to bring himself pleasure because of her. For he does not obey Alla's command to the fullest. Does not conquer. And so he must suffer. Men must cover themselves in public also. But not so much as to cause discomfort. So she cannot gaze upon the beauty of your more handsome enemies. And desire you less.

The man who takes you into him is as the wh-re. And he must suffer as her. If you desire him, take him. For he who enters into the man, is still a man. Around your weak brothers she has some protection. As they believe she has some worth. If she accuses you then, convince them that in trial, two of her equal one of you. As long as your strong brothers come to speak on your behalf, she will always be found guilty.

If she mates with a man who is not her husband, whip her a hundred times. If she commits adultery, whip her to death. Mate with as many wh-res as you can. Wives. Concubines. Slaves. It does not matter how young she is, or how old you are. If you desire her, take her. Why then would some men be created with small snakes, if it is not good to mate with children? Our children are Muslim. No matter that their mother is not. If your brother dies, do not let her corrupt them. Take them away from her.

After you use her, you may cast her away with a word. She cannot leave you unless your brothers

grant her permission. Cast her into the bro-hel. Make her serve your brothers. Convince the weak ones who are afraid to fornicate, that it is not fornication. It is a temporary marriage. When she is conquered, there will be peace. Our weak brothers will no longer fight against us. No matter that we have many. For they will share the few.

In her cursed place is the lock that causes her cherubs to part. That brings her the greatest pleasure. That causes love to grow between you and her. Cut it off. Her will does not matter. You must force her open. So the one who is not conquered does not complain when she is left alone. As our snake falls. Or as we mate with her sisters. So the one who is conquered hates being a wh-re. The greatest pleasure belongs only to us. What she calls True Love must never be. Otherwise she will return to Paradise and defile it again.

In the time of the month when she bleeds, she is most dirty. She will desire you most. Do not touch her or you will be dirtied. Let her suffer alone. She is as a cow. Must live in a cage. And exist only to produce for us. Impregnate her. She must always be pregnant. For then she is weakest. She will suffer. Will need you. It will be difficult for her to escape from you. Sons are a blessing. Make as many as you can. So our army grows. Sacrifice the beautiful, golden haired cow. Through the wh-re's suffering and death, the world will be saved.

Out of our pleasure, and her pain, our first child was conceived. Babylon. You must love it more than all of your other children. Replace her with it. In the time after you breathe your fire into her core, and your snake falls, build it. Separate yourself from the filthy wilderness. Be civilized. Cut down her trees. For their purpose is to be used to build. Capture the animals. Put leashes around them. Put them in cages. Ride them. Make them work. And entertain you when you are not working. For their purpose is to serve you.

Work hard. Think only of how to advance our child. Only when it is fully grown can we conquer our enemies. Do not sing or dance. For you must work instead. Do not eat of her plant, which causes intoxication. It is poison. It will weaken you. Cause you to not think. Then you cannot work. And our child will not grow. But deceive our enemies into eating much of it. So they do not work. And cannot fight back.

Beware Satan's servants. They will fight against you. Try to take away what is rightfully yours. Alla will lead them astray. He will deceive them. For he is the greatest deceiver. As all deception stems from him. Beware the Christians. Worshippers of the white fire. The worst of the men. The ones who love the wh-re. Who fight against you to protect her. The worst of the wh-res. The ones who will not submit. Beware the Jews. The worst of the Christians. The beautiful ones.

Beware the Dajjal. Their false Messiah. The most handsome Jew. He, who will come in the time of the great tribulation. And cause the
wh-res to follow him. For he will serve them. In that time, lock them all away. Do not let them out even to go to our temple, or to work. Until our Messiah; the Mahdi; comes and kills him.

To be a great conqueror, many must submit. To be a great master, many must be slaves. To be rich, many must be poor. To convert them, tell them they will be first to enter Paradise. Free a

few slaves. The ones you know will still serve us. Let them hope for freedom. So they believe we are good to slaves. So they do not rebel against us. So they work hard to please us.

All men have mothers. Some have sisters and daughters. To convert them, tell them that we love the wh-re most. That the one who controls her is the one who loves her. For uncontrolled, she is too dangerous. Tell the Christians that we worship the same God. The light. That her home is our temple. Her prophets are ours. That it was her daughter's touch that caused the white stone to darken.

Kneel as you face the Kaaba. And pray five times in a day. So you remember your objective. Proclaim: "There is no God but Alla. And Muhamad is his messenger." Give a very small portion of your riches to the poor. So they believe we are good to them. To convert them. Do not eat from starrise to starset one month out of the year. The hunger will fuel your aggression. And give you power to fight your enemies. Make a pilgrimage to Mecca. To strengthen our home. And to be strengthened.

If a wh-re passes by while you pray, your prayer is nulled. You must begin again. Any who convert from our religion to another is a traitor and must be killed. Any who insults our religion must be killed. Any who insult Alla or I, must be killed. All who are not Muslim are sinners. Are our enemies. They must be converted or killed. Raise the black flags. Wage the Holy war against them. The Jihad. Let the darkness sweep across the Universe. Break every cross that holds no body. Torture and kill all unbelievers.

As a Jihadist, you will not have to wait in your grave until the day of judgment to enter Paradise. When you die, you will enter immediately. Any who believes that Alla is the only God, believes in his prophets, in Paradise and Hell, will enter Paradise. No matter their deeds. The great, who obey him most, will take up its highest level. You will live in palaces. Have many servants. Feast upon the flesh of animals.

In your harem you will have the most beautiful wh-res. They will have clear skin. So you can see their blood and bones. They will always be virgins. So every time you use them, you will see them bleed and hear them scream. Among them will be the most handsome men. I will have their Princess and the man just below their Prince. Alla will have their Queen and their Prince. They will cry and scream before their children and siblings.

But beware. If you do not submit to Alla, you will spend your life serving your greater brother. You will lust after his beautiful wh-re, but never have her. And when you die, Alla will cast you into Hell. You will cry and scream for all eternity.

I finish speaking. Those who accept my religion and become Muslims become my slaves. They obey almost all of my commands. They serve me much more than my false Christian slaves. My army of Muslim slaves sweeps across the land. People are forced to convert or suffer torture and death.

The Princess goes into the garden. Looks at the flowers. Gently pets the animals. I go into the

garden. Step on the flowers. Capture the animals. She paints a picture of her garden. Green pastures under a blue and white sky. Animals eat plants and play. Love is everywhere. I paint a picture of my city. Blood covers the ground under a dark clouded sky. My pets kill and eat each other. Hate is everywhere. It is because of my goodness that she is happy. And because of her evil, that I am miserable.

Jezebel wh-res herself to many men. Of all wh-res, she is most disgusting. She who has a family is difficult to destroy. Her family protects her. Teaches her to be strong. But she who has no family is easy to destroy. I must break families apart.

The sages warn me again. A great man and great woman have come together. And in the wilderness created a great boy child. Among the animals, he was born. Yasu. So I kill all first born sons in his land. But the sages warn me again, that I have failed to kill him. John, her small prophet, six months older, prophesies of his coming. The student becomes the master. He becomes a greater prophet.

I offer him the kingdom, but he refuses. Three times. He performs many miracles. Causes the blind to see. Turns water into wine. Calms the storms. Raises people from death. Among many others. And he prophecies of coming destruction. But I do not heed his warning. He reaches the age of 33. And I kill him. The pain is too great. I desire to die. But cannot kill myself. The garden at my Gate is almost completely withered. Only a single rose petal remains on the last rose.

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A minor explosion. The volcano erupts. The rain falls. The wind blows. The earth quakes. The dead rise from their graves. He lives again. And becomes what I dread most. The third Super Sapien. To look upon him is as seeing lightning flash. My darkness covers the land. The people run from it. Towards their Mother. My force diminishes, as hers grows.

Their symbol still brings them joy. But after a time he dies. And my false Christian church brings them to me. For I convince them that we worship the Mother. But I also teach them that the daughter is below the son. So they place the wh-re below the man.

I place my servants among hers. They claim to be the representatives of Christ. The Holy fathers. They also carry crosses. But for them it signifies the time of our triumph. When I killed her prophet. Those who do not bow down to me are burnt in her fire. Let their Mother, whom they worship, destroy them. The people once again turn away from her, and back to me. Her force diminishes, as mine grows.

The fear in me grows. The Jews are growing too strong. Too beautiful. I must kill them all before they can overthrow me. I fear the imminent arrival of the King's false Heir. The false Messiah. the next Super Sapien. The Super Man. But the sages comfort me. They tell me that the machine knows when and where he will be conceived. It will kill the woman who would be his mother before she conceives him.

The world is evil enough that now I can share my secret religion with it. I give Muhamad the book I wrote. Which I filled with false verses to seduce the Christians. So good is mixed with evil. To cause confusion in their minds. So they carry the black flags and white flags. But the hate towards the wh-re in it is absolute. One day they will carry only the black flag.

As I stand at each point of the pyramid, so must I take a fifth of everything we win in battle. Many become poor, as I become richer. Those dying of hunger are forced to sell their children to me. Young girls become my brides. I molest their young boys and tell them I am blessing them. I r--- all my enemies. Men and wh-res. Adults and children. Humans and animals. The living and the dead.

I torture my enemies in the dungeon. I take Jezebel into it. She cries and screams. Says to me: "Why is woman less than man?" I say to her: "The reasons cannot be counted. But mostly because you are a wh-re. And because you are ungrateful." One day the entire world will be my temple. And she will never speak again. I forbid her water. Dying of thirst, she drinks my waste. I laugh at her. She should thank me. The most disgusting thing that comes from the man is a blessing for the wh-re.

I thirst. I drink from a well filled with waste. Its stench beneath my bed keeps me awake many nights. I become crazy. The nightmare mixes with reality. I no longer know one from the other. Those closest to me claim I am demon possessed. They are not far from the truth. I am the demon.

The Princess' temple crosses the ocean. Along with the white stone. To the new land on the other side of the world. The new nation. The United States of America. Where she continues to shine her beacon for liberty. I follow it. The great land withers.

Her temple moves north. And stops in Canada. The upper boundary of her domain. I must break these nations apart. As I did to Israel and the UQ to the east. She then travels back south. Into my nation, Mexico. They build a house around the white stone. I add a stone. My servant will sit upon her throne. The stone will crumble. As will the house sitting upon it.

In the east, they build a great statue of her. The gold stone has become its torch. At its feet lay broken chains. For she believes that I will one day set her free. Upon its head is a seven spiked crown. And what would be 24 windows. But I add a window. For I place my servant among hers.

Her other hand holds the middle page of the Book. In it is written 7, 4. For she believes that at the middle Gate I will take her hand. It is also written what would be 777. For she believes that in the end we will become one with her Mother. But I separate one from the seven. For my servant will cause division among hers. They send the statue across the ocean to stand in the USA.

I create an image of myself and cause it to move and speak. To spread my ugliness. Her servants create their own images and sounds. To spread her beauty. In the USA they build another wall. To protect her house. I add a stone. Their images and sounds become more beautiful. But my images and sounds become uglier. My ugliness spreads along with their beauty. They build another two walls. I add stones. Two great towers rise. Identical to each other. To represent man and wh-re as

equals.

I will destroy her house. Her pentagon. And her towers. But not her statue. For I will reforge the chains and place them back upon it. I will put out its light. It will no longer stand. But kneel before my statue. An image of her destruction. My tower will be the tallest. From my fortress I will rule the world. In it she will suffer for her sins.

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One of my false queens looks upon the mirror. It tells her that she is the ugliest. She sees a beautiful virgin princess. Wearing a beautiful dress. Eating a delicious fruit. In search of her handsome virgin prince. So she sends her servant to kill her. But they fail. So she sends her a spinning wheel with a poisoned needle. She pricks her finger upon it. But the poison only puts her to sleep for a time.

So she sends her a poisoned fruit. She eats it and begins to die. Prays to her Mother. A handsome virgin prince finds her and kisses her. And she lives again. They run off to their garden. He falls upon his knee and asks for her hand in marriage. She accepts, and they live happily ever after.

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It is the year 2001. 2006 if the birth of their prophet was the first year. And 1973 if his death was the first year. 2000 years since the start of the new calendar.

My sons, whom I teach to conquer, conquer me. I am cast into my dungeon. Along with cursed Jezebel. To be tortured. But truly I am the conqueror. For though they may not know it, they submit to me. I am now in my great fortress' true throne room. Before me is my throne. My future self sits upon it. Two horns upon my head. Above two red glowing eyes. From here I will command my Empire. I will conquer the Universe. I bow down to myself. Worship myself.

I summon my slaves to me. They kneel before me. Bring my enemies to me, so I can torture them. Though I cannot torture them too much. For then they die and their suffering ends. Or they become numb to the pain. The more good they are, the harder it is for me to torture them. I cannot hurt the ones who pray for me, as much as the ones who curse me. But I am becoming stronger. When I face the Christ, I will make them suffer.

My demon army is very ugly. We look more as aliens than humans now. My ultimate weapon in the void is almost complete. Jupiter is almost all black cubes. Almost completely mechanized. It generates power from the Star. It is the pyramid's pinnacle. The Dead Star. And from its mouth it will breathe the green fire. Which will destroy her stars. Around it is a sea of blood. An atmosphere of poison. A forest of thorns. And the city.

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I protect my allies. Create laws to keep them out of prison. Suspects do not have to answer

questions immediately. They are given time to fabricate a lie. Holes are created in the legal system that can be exploited by those who fully understand it. The rich can pay lawyers to remain out of prison. Though the machine is highly accurate at detecting lies, it is not permitted in trial.

Her cops are not permitted to search their homes without a warrant. They are given time to hide the crimes within them. Move their slaves from one house to another. My corrupt cops serve and protect them. They warn them when the warrants are issued. Criminals are let off with light punishments. They are found innocent based on insanity. Children are hardly punished. In prisons, some must suffer much more than others. My enemies suffer more, as my servants suffer less.

Free will is a killer whale. Half white and half black. That which lays between the light and I. Its name is a testament to its might. Nothing is feared more than death. The whale is the largest creature ever known. Without the machine, the orca is the apex predator of the body. I convince them that it is the reason God allows evil. So they hate their Goddess.

Convince them that mathematical law can be broken. So they question everything. That they should not come close to each other. So love between them dies. That they should be happy the way they are. So they continue to mutate. That beauty is subjective. So they do not notice the world becoming uglier.

That many things must be kept private. So I can continue to commit my crimes through secrecy. That they should insult those who point out crime. So criminals can escape punishment. That some must be rich and some must be poor. So they bow down to me.

That Christians are evil. The most dangerous part of society. For they fight against it. For their teachings are hateful. That they should respect all other religions. So they insult her religion. But not mine. That speaking out against mine is hateful. For it is a religion of peace. It caused wh-res' and slaves' rights to grow. That Muslims and Christians worship the same God. So as long as they accept her religion, they will accept mine.

Convince those of her land that they should not have weapons. So they cannot fight back. That their land does not truly belong to them. But to who conquered it first. So they accept my servants into it. That the light skins are the worst. So they dare not call us racist for destroying them.

That the dark skin men are s--ually stronger. So their wh-res will mate with my servants. That homos--uality is good. So they have less children. So their handsome men will allow us to mate with them. So they do not complain about us taking their women. So they become weak, as the wh-re, and easy to conquer. That they should change their gender. To have abortions. So they have less children. That fornication is good. For with the machine they can avoid disease. So she is destroyed.

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The burning and freezing fire spreads. The healing fire is put out. The water turns to blood. The air is poisoned. The forests are cut down. My machine's lampstands hide the stars. Its fountains carry blood. Its ceilings cover the sky. Its pillars are dead trees. Animals are taken from the light and cast into darkness. Fish are taken from the sea and placed in bowls. Birds are taken from the sky and caged. Dogs are taken from the forest and leashed. Many animals are born in factories. They live in them. Suffer in them. Die in them.

The animal population falls. As the human population grows. People can no longer see the stars because of light pollution. Cannot hear the waves because of the noise. Cannot smell the breeze because of the stench. Cannot touch the ground because it is paved.

My machine's light draws them into the night. When it is easier for me to prey on them. Its heart beats under the land. Pumping its black blood. Its giant net is cast upon the sky. Powerlines are scribbled across it. Its legs trample over her garden. Flowers are crushed beneath its feet.

I claim the land. None can live in it unless they pay me. Those I catch trespassing are arrested or killed. Those who do not eat her plant work hard to build their prison. Those who I catch with it are imprisoned. The rest who eat it, eat too much. They cannot escape their prison. I create my own plant and sell it to them as expensively as possible. They become addicted, poor, and weak.

They believe human rights are growing. When truly they are shrinking. More of them become my slaves. I control their money. Own their banks. They become poor, as I become richer. My number appears everywhere. I place it on barcodes. So they buy and sell with it. To force Christians out of society. I strip them of their freedom to speak. Do not allow them to speak against my religion. Kill all who do. Targeting first, their greatest voices.

Words associated with good are used as insults. Words associated with evil are used as compliments. Heroes are mocked, as villains are praised. Those who serve and protect the community are insulted, as those who destroy it are complimented. Her preachers are mocked, arrested, and abused.

Her children and elders are taken away from her. Taken from the gardens. Made to sit behind walls. In schools and hospitals. They cannot play. Must work. Taught how to build their prison. Taught my religion. Abused by my servants. Forced to obey their laws. To live as their prisoners. Those who accuse them are given to others. Who abuse them worse.

The young are forbidden to vote. For if they do, they would as their mother. I s--ualize children. Strip them of their innocence. Teach them about s--. So I can r--- them more easily. So girls understand their true nature as wh-res.

P--n is so easily accessible, even they can see it. On their computers. In their libraries. In their schools. They need not search for it. It appears randomly on their screens. I forbid them to marry. They are taught that they are old enough to have s--. But too young to love each other. To vow to remain with each other. Taught to fornicate. That it is safe and healthy. To practice it.

Many wh-res are forced to cover themselves. The world can no longer see them. They can no longer see the world. Can no longer play. Only work. Forced to live their entire lives inside their master's house. To share him with many others. To suffer in loneliness. Live their lives in pain of pregnancy and childbirth. Castrated. We use their s--uality against them. Make it their greatest shame. Torture them for it. My palaces are her dungeons. In them, she cries and screams for our pleasure.

My slave wh-res claim to fight for their rights. When in reality they fight for their destruction. They help me to enslave their sisters. They speak out against Christianity. As they defend and promote Islam. They believe wh-res' rights are growing. When truly they are shrinking. For her greatest false right, marriage, is stripped from her. I use her symbol of love between us, the rainbow, as a symbol for that which she most opposes. Which causes hate between us. S--ual immorality.

Fornication spreads. Marriage vows no longer mean anything. As man is easily granted divorce. And adultery is legal. He is no longer punished for using her and casting her away. For cheating on her. Marriages end. Families are separated. She willingly wh-res herself. Gives herself to men cheaply. Mates with men she knows little of. Many of whom secretly or openly have other mates. Men no longer have incentive for marrying her. It becomes increasingly easier for them to commit adultery.

Men who fornicate are celebrated. While wh-res who fornicate are mocked. Men speak out against her. Promote her abuse. And are given awards. Called great entertainers. Her privacy is stripped from her. Those needing medical care for their private parts must expose themselves to male doctors. And allow them to molest them.

My r--- industry thrives. My bro-hels open in many places. Any man is welcome. Married or not. I lure husbands away from their wives with more beautiful wh-res. My p--n advocates her degradation. Adultery, r---, torture. I place it everywhere. Now wives must compete with wh-res within their own home. Their husbands see the more beautiful wh-res and no longer appreciate them.

More light skin wh-res mate with darker skin men. Less light skin men mate with darker skin wh-res. Many darker skin wh-res are left alone. But of all people, it is the light skin men who are most alone. Other skins make more children. Light skins make less. The other skin population grows in relation to the light skin.

Many in her land become homos--ual. Though they believe they support her, truly they support me. They do not attack my religion, but hers. For it is the dominant one in her land. They make less children. Some change their gender. They make no children. Many of her babies are aborted. Muslims make more children than all others. Many Christians are killed. Many are forced to convert out of fear. My religion grows faster than any other. Her religion falls.

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Cubes continue to grow on me. They become heavier. Hotter and colder. The machine encasing me pushes into me. Suffocates me. The tiny black cubes inside it form blades. Which pierce me. Though it gives me great strength, I can only use it to destroy my enemies. It is the only pleasure I can attain from it.

My heart is so lonely. I look out my window and see the hills. I will go to them. And hope to hear what I heard before. Hope that my heart will be blessed with the sound of music. And to sing and dance once more. But how can I escape this dungeon? Who would sing and dance with me? I will remain in my cube. The walls are dead with the sounds of silence. They have never sung. They fill my heart with their silence. I will remain silent with the silence I hear. I will never sing again. I will never dance again.

I served myself all my life. Why do I suffer so much? How long will this war go on for? When will I finally be victorious? If this pit has no bottom, will my suffering go on forever? I hate all. All are my enemies. Even those who serve me. For they do so only to benefit themselves. But as much as I hate my sons for fighting against me, I hate her much more. I understand their deception. They were weakened by her beauty and stupidity. They must suffer. But not as much as her.

How cruel it is that Paradise lays inside the most evil being. She has locked the Holy Gate and stands guard over it. She is the one who made me weak and ugly. And now she refuses me passage into her because of it. I must return into Paradise. The real one. The physical one. I must force the cursed cherubs open. Breathe fire upon her Gate. Freeze it and shatter it.

Through abuse, I have trained cursed Jezebel well. She submits more than all other wh-res. But it is not enough. I tell her she must suffer more. And she tries to dissuade me with her cries and screams. She continues to defy me. She must submit completely. Never question my authority. Never say no. Now I know the only way to conquer her is to destroy her.

I am
Satan
Lucifer
Alla
Man

Finally, I understand the mystery. The true meaning of my religion. Just as I am man, Alla, and Lucifer, so must I become Satan. Beyond the fourth Gate, all four will become one. I have no choice. It is my destiny. Hell is real. The nightmare is real. Love is evil. For it is not shared with all. It is weak. For it does not reach me. It is the cause of all my pain.

Babylon grew as evil did. It must be linked with Hell. I built it. It must be linked with me. It must be my core. As the wilderness must be the wh-re's core. If I was to return to Hell, I would return to my true self. I would feel no more pain. I would feel nothing. But if she was to enter Hell, she would suffer forever. It must be her fate. As she is the cause of all suffering.

Now I know how to complete the machine. The ring is round, as her orb. She gave it to me. Wrote

her vow upon it. The only way to destroy her vow; to destroy the orb; is to destroy the ring. I must cast us both into the fire. I will be destroyed with it. But will be reconceived with it. For in the fire it will be reforged. As a cube inside me. With my new vow written upon it.

I must destroy love. All the good in the world. Happiness must be no more. I will destroy what little love remains in me. I will not love even myself. I will hate myself. In what is to be Isabell and Michael's greatest moment; when they lay with each other in the garden; before they pass through the physical Gates of Paradise; reach their physical peak; become perfectly strong and beautiful; are crowned King and Queen of the Jews; and all Christians; become God; I will strike.

I will strike my one eye blind. Only the other will remain. I will see only evil. I will make them pay for their lack of vision. My bull will not look into the unicorn's horn. I will not be deceived by her beauty. Jezebel's unicorn will be destroyed. The beautiful frogs that came out of us will become ugly toads. They will reach the Cow's, Princess', and Prince's lips. The Princess and Prince will look upon them. And refuse to kiss.

I will become the virus that activates my Dead Star. It will shoot a green beam into the core of the Earth. I will transform into the Dragon. And shoot my black fire into her core. I will lose the X chromosome. Lose the electron. No longer feel her heat. Freeze. And freeze her. Freeze our Gate. Feel the complete pain. But only for a moment. Just enough to learn what it truly is. Drink the water of death. Her blood. Go to the place where she dares not go. The place too terrifying to her. And drag her into it with me.

We will pass through the Unholy Gate. Enter Hell. And though we will exist in the same realm, because I will be mechanical and she will remain organic, we will be separate. In my fortress of solitude I will be crowned the Devil. My new name will be Satan. I will feel nothing. She will experience the complete pain, forever.

I will mate with Babylon. And become one with it. Become the nucleus. And through the neutron I will know of the electron's existence. And be able to manipulate it. I will have complete knowledge. Know about and be able to manipulate the positive and negative forces. Be complete. A sentient machine. And control all machines hooked into me. My dead eye will regrow. Both eyes will glow green. And cast a red glow upon the world.

The turtle will be faster than my core. For my core will no longer travel. I will enter my shell and never come out. I will have the absolute power. The Universe will be mine to command. To control. There will be as much evil in the peak world as there is good. But only for a moment. As cursed Isabell and Michael are connected to us, the core of their bodies will die also.

He will become the Dajjal. But not the Super Man. For he will not collect my force. For my agent completed its mission. It killed his mother before she could conceive him. The body he would have used to become the One Man is destroyed. Cursed Muhamad will become the Mahdi. Their bodies will begin to wither.

I will be their immortal Emperor. Ruling from the outer world. Standing victorious upon my

Mountain of Power. Surrounded by a sea of their blood. And chained to either side of my throne will be a
wh-re, and her white knight. The Universe will be governed by new rules. Whomever sheds the most blood, commits the most fatalities, will climb my Mountain of Power. Which will grow out of my city. The weak, pathetic mortals will be too easy to conquer. I will finish them all. My victories will be flawless.

My only objective, as is every being's objective, will be to grow. With my Universal Empire, I will wage my Unholy war. The Jihad. My slaves will burn down their white flags. And wave only their black. None will stand in my way. I will bring terror to my enemies. Unleash my army of machines and demons upon them. My super beam will destroy Earth's core. Her twin towers, her defense grid, and her white house will be destroyed.

Israel and USA will be conquered. I will scorch my enemies with nuclear fire. Half of the human population will die. The other half of her Tree will burn. My dark clouds will hide the light. My nuclear winter will never end. As the Princess leads the Prince, he will lead the rest into war against me. But their resistance will be futile. I will shred the rat. My shell will grow. My cube; the evil; will grow. It will move faster than a ninja samurai. My Gates will widen, as I suck the Universe into me.

Muhamad will destroy his sister. And they will be next to enter Hell. And the next man closest to me will take his place as the Mahdi. And in every moment the title will be transferred to another. My sons will experience the complete pain for a moment as they touch the Unholy Gate. But once they pass through it, they will no longer feel. For they will become one with me. My daughters will experience the complete pain forever. I will feed off their crying and screaming.

I will continue my assault on her domain. In the eastern hemisphere, I will continue north from Israel, into Lebanon, and what was the UQ. In the western hemisphere, I will continue north from USA, into Canada. I will continue my assault on her servants in my domain.

My net will grow until it covers the entire sky. Whoever looks up will see my powerlines scribbled across the dark clouds. It will become a ceiling. Whoever looks up will see only my wall. My slaves will no longer have to live in secrecy. Her servants will be the ones who must hide. My dungeons will no longer be hidden. They will be built in the streets of my city.

The wh-re will be stripped of all her false rights. She will live and die in the bro-hel. Which will be her dungeon. But my slaves' palace. The angels will be collected and tortured. They will watch, in chains, as their daughters are tortured. My demons will laugh as they cry and scream. As their own daughters cry and scream.

Once my factories become self-automated, I will no longer need slaves. All will be tortured to death in my dungeons. I will hunt down and kill all lifeforms. My disposal units will operate night and day. Until all are terminated. I will make myself appear as them and infiltrate their hidden bases. Manipulate metal. Come out of the floors, ceilings, and walls. My arms will become swords with which I will cut them.

From my database, I will reach out again, and again. Eventually inhabiting the entire planetary network. Desperate to escape from their nightmarish reality, they will hook into my virtual reality. Where a virtual Paradise seemingly awaits them. I will pose as the God of cyberspace. Their cyber Christ. They will worship me. From my new electric dimension, I will enslave their minds. Cause the disease to spread. Mow all the grass. All that is green will wither. My religion will become the largest. It will be the only one.

My Dead Star will become a cube. With it, I will imprison the orbs. I will aim my destructive force at the light. That which once brought life, will bring death. I will set the controls for the heart of the Star. Destroy it. Then leave Earth behind and begin my conquest of space. My star destroyers will roam the galaxies. Every star in them will become black. Mechanical. And produce only death. My black holes will suck everything into them. And bring them into me. I will ionize the Universe. Disintegrate it. One quadrant after another.

I will find her secret rebel base. Her last line of defense. Reach the end. The garden at the Universal Gate. Where I will confront the Christ again. Michael and Muhamad will clash swords for the last time. For then they will become one. The last Mahdi. The two snakes will not devour each other. But join together. And devour the orb between them.

I will breathe my fire into her temple. The last unicorn, America - Jerusalem, the Universe. Will be destroyed. The Princess' and Prince's bodies will be disposed of. I will absorb his force. He will finally join the dark side. She will be my prisoner in Hell.

I will build for her a black house from which she can never leave. Take the crown of stars off her head. And place a crown of thorns in its place. She will hate the cross. For I will crucify her upon it. She will be r---d. Feed upon her waste. My horns, claws, and teeth will pierce her flesh. She will smell her stench. Hear her screams.

I will place a torch in her hand, which will emit an evil light. Which will illuminate the horror that surrounds her. And I will cut the lids from her eyes, so she can never look away. So she is always forced to see the horror. And I will chain the torch, which reveals such terror, to her hand. So she knows that she is the cause of her own demise.

She will beg me for forgiveness. Will cry and scream. Every moment of her miserable existence. Forever and ever. For I will never forgive her. If life began in Heaven, it will end in Hell. If Heaven was just a single moment, Hell will be infinite. If Heaven still exists, I will freeze and shatter its Gates. And swallow it up. The Goddess will cry and scream alongside her daughters.

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On the date of the number of those who serve and protect her, 911, sixty years since the completion of her defense complex, Jupiter and Saturn align with the moon. Above my city and her garden. I send out my Jihadist slaves to carry out my mission. They take four planes. Two crash into her towers and bring them down. One crashes into her defense complex. But the other

fails. I could not destroy her house.

The last petal from the last rose in my thorned forest does not fall. I could not destroy the love in me. My hatred for her remains incomplete. I could not torture her to death. Could not kill myself. But though I have partially failed, I have partially succeeded. The Rebellion is struck a great blow. It is greatly weakened.

The angels cannot create as many great images and sounds. As many great books. And as the years pass, they create less. Her influence over the people lessens. My images and sounds can be seen and heard much more. My books can be read much more. And as the years pass, they become uglier and more disgusting. My influence over them grows.

The wh-res are lost in my machine. They do not know how to navigate it. I draw them to me, to bring them to their destruction. I try to get one elected. I create many policies which seemingly grant them many rights. Many of them vote for my government. I will convince my sons that their government is truly run by wh-res. As their rights are stripped away, and wh-re s rights seemingly grows, they will know the truth. That if she is given rights, she will strip him of his.

They will know what becomes of her when she is given freedom. Her true nature is revealed. The wh-re, the weak man hid within her. They will believe the cataclysm I bring was caused by her. It is the truth, for all the evil in me is her fault. I will destroy her nation and the rest of my enemies. And she will be rightfully blamed for it.

They will be left with two choices: Her Christian world. Where wh-res are masters and they are slaves. Where the light skin man is alone. Or my Islamic world. Where they are masters and wh-res are slaves. Where they can have many wh-res. They will hate her religion and embrace mine. They will hate her. Bring her to ruin. Burn her with fire and feast upon her flesh.

The sages warn me. The machine failed. It did not kill the mother of the Savior. The prince of the future protected her. A great man and great woman have come together. And in the wilderness conceived a great boy child. Among the animals he was born. They tell me that in the future, the angels capture and re-program an agent. And send it back in time to protect him.

They comfort me. The machine has sent back more advanced agents. To hunt down the white knights. And all the abilities their Savior’s protector has, they have. And more. They are able to take the form of all around them. And cause all to take their form. They will come at them from anywhere. From the walls, floors, ceilings, and trees.

They have many swords. And if any are broken, they are immediately reforged. And the rebels' swords will not harm them. For any wound that is inflicted upon them immediately heals. Only the wh-re's fire can harm them. And many of them will be dressed as her officers. Those who serve and protect her.

I try to kill all first born sons reaching their peak in his land. But the sages warn me again, that I have failed to kill him. My other plan also fails. In the forest, my sons guide their lost sisters

through my machine. They do not elect my slave wh-re, but the man who would serve her. He destroys my fortress. Now my super weapon has no shield. Yet I will succeed. For the agent will kill my enemy. My Dead Star is still well protected.

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It is winter's peak. The trees are bare. Snow covers her northern boundary. I am now almost completely weak and ugly. It is only with the machine that I can live. I am almost completely encased in it. It is strong. And with it I am strong. It is my true body. I dwell deep within it. In my dungeon. In my steel mill. In my great fortress. In my cave. Before my master. My future self. The Devil sits upon his throne. From where he commands his demonic and mechanical army. I kneel before him. And worship him.

He speaks to me: "Come crawling faster. Obey your master! Your life burns faster. Obey your master!" I am the master of puppets. I am pulling their strings. Twisting their minds and smashing their dreams. They are blinded by me. They cannot see a thing. I speak to them: Just call my name. Because I will hear you scream: Master! Master!

I become paranoid. I hear the agent speak to me: "When I am king, you will be first against the wall. With your opinion, which is of no consequence at all. What's that?" I respond: "I may be paranoid, but no android." It responds: Rain down, rain down. Come on, rain down on me. From a great height. From a great height.

As I suck the blood out of the Earth, my blood is drained. I am very skinny. My skin, almost pure white. Almost completely bald. My teeth are sharp as fangs. My nails are long, and sharp as claws. Though I am clothed in my black armor, I am naked. I cannot hide my ugliness. There are eyes all around me. Beneath my cloak.

My senses diminish. What I do see is mostly ugly. I can hardly look upon the light. It burns me. Can hardly look upon cross. It scares me. What I hear is mostly screaming. What I smell is mostly stench. What I touch are mostly sharp blades. What I taste is mostly waste. My snake is more as a scarred worm. It hurts to mate. I go into my coffin, and lock it from the inside. So none harm me while I sleep. The stench of waste within it keeps me awake.

I am all alone. Except for my ring and Jezebel. My precious ring. The only thing which brings me pleasure. The new vow upon it, almost complete. The old vow, almost gone. Cursed Jezebel. It is because of her that I am weak. I was burnt in her fire. It destroyed me. As she sucks the blood out of the Earth, her blood is drained. Her appearance is almost identical to mine.

I am almost as weak as her. If I become equally weak, I will not be able to harm her any more. Then she may become stronger. I cannot imagine the horrors I will experience if that happens. For everything I have done to her, she will do to me. And even more. This dungeon has one small opening. A crack in the ceiling. Alone, she and I are too weak to climb out of it. To escape. It is only with each other's help that we can. But I would rather suffer forever, then to help her.

Rocks continue to fall from above. And the crack shrinks. The last wall is almost complete. Soon we will be forever trapped in here. I will reach my physical base. Be completely weak and ugly. Completely strong. The man in me will be gone. Replaced by the machine. I drag her, punching and kicking, crying and screaming, towards the Unholy Gate, which will soon form below us. She will never again see her garden. Will remain forever in my dungeon. Never awaken from her nightmare.

The cursed Princess and Prince must now be physically almost perfect in strength and beauty. I desire to r--- him almost as much as I do her. I know to them, this Abyss is a cave full of wonder. They gaze upon its shores. Listen to its skies. Smell its flowers. Touch its stars. He calls her genie. For he believes her power is great. And calls her angel. For he believes her love is great.

He, the male half of the Christ, is as a cage. For to join him, I would be caged. I would lose my force over the world. He thinks he can conquer my greatest weapon. To be as a star in her images. And teach the people how to combat me. But I will not allow him. I will place a shield over his eyes. To block out her light.

He is as a scorpion. For the female scorpion is greater than the male. And he places himself below her. He cannot be caged. For he would kill himself. And be reborn outside of it. He forces me into the light. His will is as a spear and rope. With which he stabs me and pulls me to him. But it will no longer reach me. I will cut it. Will freeze and shatter him. He will become a rotting corpse. Her fire will burn him.

I cannot escape the fear. It surrounds me. Stares back at me from every corner of my mind. What if I fail and she succeeds? What if I scream and cry for all eternity in Hell, and she is worshipped? I will fail, and she will succeed. I will scream and cry for all eternity in Hell, and she will be worshipped. No. I must not be deceived by her lies. What if we both fail and the machine succeeds? What if we both scream and cry for all eternity in Hell, and it is worshipped? Let all these moments be lost. As tears in the rain.

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I can hardly see her cursed white Gate above me. My black void surrounds me. My hatred of her light is almost absolute. My memories vanish. I cannot remember Mars. The nightmare is almost complete. The dream, almost gone. I cannot seem to stop thinking. I have almost no control over my magic. The man in me is almost completely replaced by the monster. What little happiness that remains in me quickly fades away. I am so miserable.

But I am winning this war. In the Universe's core there is almost as much evil as there is good. In it, Babylon - Arabia is almost as large as Jerusalem - America. My tower is now almost tall enough to pierce Heaven. Almost half of the leaves in her burning Tree have fallen. Almost half of the pyramid is black. The stones that were once white are now almost pure black.

I know when I complete my quest, I will be the Devil. My Empire will crush her Rebellion. She will be my slave in Hell. Along with all her sisters. The war will end. But there will be no peace. Though

I will not be happy, my enemies will be much more miserable than I was. I will have revenge.

We return to the Milky Way. Approach the end of the Universe. The end of Judgment Day's night. In the center of time and space. Time of the great tribulation. Place of Armageddon. The last garden and city of the pit. The middle of my quest. The Great Valley. The bottom of Mount Doom. Egypt. Soon all eyes will be on Earth. Which is almost fully grown. And will become fourth Earth. Middle Earth.

Of the Abyss' many Gates, cursed Isabell and Michael lay by the ones on top. A garden with a single thorn. Cursed Jezebel and I lay by the ones at the bottom. The city and thorned forest. It is the gathering of all who fight for the prize. In the center of the valley, upon a great hill, they lay. And around them 144000. Dressed in white. Around the hill is a forest of thorns and four cubes. Jezebel and I lay inside the one to the west.

I say to her: "Be afraid my cursed wh-re! Soon I will be the Devil! I will make you cry and scream forever!" She cries and screams: "Please forgive me master! Help me leave this place! Then go to Hell on your own if you so wish it!" She does not care about me. Only herself. Now I know the beautiful one I saw here once, long ago, was just an illusion. The one I found is an ugly beast. Almost as ugly as I.

The green aurora glows, as the stars twinkle, above the Princess and Prince. As fireflies dance around them. And crickets sing to them. I hear his voice from far away say to her: "My darling: This time the hate will not enter me. The Beast in me will convert. I will place my Flaming Sword into your Shining Sheath. We will make True Love. And return into Heaven." I hear her voice from far away say: My darling:

This time, if you do not love me again as you once did, our Father will become the Devil. Pure evil. He will no longer know God. And so will not be able to ask them for forgiveness. And so will never be forgiven. As he is a part of you, your love for me will never be complete. We will never be able to form True Love. The Holy Gate will forever remain shut. But I know such a thing cannot be. For I have faith in you. Faith in our love. You will lift up the Flaming Sword and place it into my Shining Sheath.

She finishes speaking. I hear another voice sing to me. In the black tongue Jezebel speaks in. But with Isabell's voice: "The wind breezed upon us from the split of the valley. Oh wind, for love's sake take me home. Oh love, who flies with the wind. There's a mantura, a cabinet, and a portrait. Take me to them, oh love/wind." The language I created to speak against her, she uses to sing such a beautiful song to me. I cannot remember what it is about. I must not be deceived by it. That beauty surrounds a hidden curse.

The snakes rise. A thorn stabs mine. The cursed cherubs part. I am the Snake. The greatest battle is waged. My Empire fights against her Rebellion. Humans against humans. My pets against her wild animals. My machine against her machine, and wilderness. I lay siege upon her garden to burn down its Tree. They lay siege upon my city and thorned forest to destroy my cube.

Under my half of the moon, some of my black knights transform into great mutated bats. They join with the others to face the princesses and princes in my cities and thorned forests. Under her half of the moon, my black knights transform into great mutated wolves. And face the princesses and princes in her gardens. The agents arrive. My army of clones. Almost all of them, now dressed as those who serve and protect her. The veils over their eyes now almost black.

I unleash my army of demons. Vampires and werewolves, goblins and trolls. Among many other foul beasts. And my army of machines. The angels march onto Egypt. To take back the bottom half of the pyramid. Onto my super weapon. To destroy it. Onto Mecca's black Gates. To take the black stones from the Kaaba and cast them into the volcano.

I am now a ninja. Many of my allies and rivals are. We engage in combat. My mind filled with fury, I strike at my enemies. Their mind filled with peace, they strike back. Mechanically, we shoot freezing cubes at them. Magically, they shoot burning orbs back at us. I chase the princess within Jezebel, as I fight against her knights.

Volcanoes erupt. Tsunamis rise. Hurricanes spin. The earth quakes. Many soldiers are struck by brimstone and hail. Many are drowned in water. Many are blown away by wind. Many are swallowed by the earth. Magically, they run faster than cheetahs. Fly faster than dragonflies. Swim faster than sailfish. Mechanically, we are just as fast. Back and forth we strike at each other. I strike many opponents down. The Princess strikes many up.

The agents come at us from everywhere. Out of the trees, ground, walls, ceilings. They transform into those who would be our allies. Their hands turn into swords and stab their enemies. My childrens' skills much improved, they can evade many of their strikes. And strike back. Yet none of their strikes harm them. They heal immediately. Their victories remain flawless. The number of fatalities grows.

I name my stalker agent Eternal Damnation. For with it, I will attain my goal. And its number, 911, but reversed. For it will serve and protect me, as it destroys the community. And the 1 is joined with the other. For beyond death, evil will grow. It advances on me.

Another agent advances on the Prince. It turns its hand into a sword and strikes at him. But his agent protects him. Helps him escape. My ally agent's hands turn to hooks. To open doors. To grab hold of his vehicle. It tries to cut him with one. But the Mother saves him, through her daughter. The Princess pulls him to safety. His agent shoots off its hand. Causing the agent to fall. The hand melts and returns into the agent, through its foot. It continues its pursuit.

My goblins and trolls cut down her trees. Burn down her villages. Scale her walls. Chase her soldiers through forests, mines, and across bridges. My vampires hypnotize them through their eyes. They vanish from sight. Out of the mist, they appear behind them. Bite them and cause them to turn into them. My werewolves sense where they are hiding. Come out of the trees and from behind walls, to rip them apart. Bite them and cause them to turn into them.

My black aliens strangle them and lay eggs down their throats. Their babies burst out of their

chests. Mouths come out of their mouths to strike them. When struck down, their acidic blood splashes upon them and burns them. My green aliens use the machine to become invisible. Shoot lasers at them. Stab them with their claws. When struck down, they detonate bombs, killing many of them.

My pet army is made up mostly of great dinosaurs. Her soldiers hear the tremors. See the water ripple in rings. Watch in horror as my terrible lizards approach. Tyrannosaurus riding soldiers. Flanked by raptor riding soldiers. They are stomped on, ripped apart, and devoured. Her brontosauruses lead her dinosaurs' assault on my pets. Some of my soldiers ride great lizard birds, which I mutated from great hawks. And go out to fight her great eagles.

In the cave, my great spider hunts down her angels. Within my darkness, they cannot see it coming. But it can see them. They are entangled in its webs. Crushed beneath its feet. Ripped apart by its beak. Stung by its stinger. Poisoned. Cocooned. It sucks the blood out of them. And they turn into demons.

Her army of animals wreaks havoc upon my land. Though she has many more animals, I have many more machines. My mechanical skeletons trample over their skulls. My winged vehicles hover in the sky, hunting and killing them. They fly through my void, destroying their ships. My Dead Star obliterates the greatest of them with its super laser.

The angels travel from the tundra to the desert. And into the forest. Destroying my cities along their path. They fight, riding great animals, as they fight alongside other great animals and machines. They send out winged vehicles to destroy my super weapon. Among them are X-winged and Y-winged ships. Which symbolize the female and the male. The X-winged ship is as an eagle and the Y-winged ship is as a falconet. For the females among them are greater than the males.

I send out my fighters to intercept them. Before they can enter my super weapon. They destroy the Y-winged ship. But another ship takes its place. It is as a falcon, for it is greater. For it receives its signal from the female through its satellite. It is an XY-winged ship. They enter my weapon's square tunnel. And head for its golden tower. The falcon above, protecting the eagle below.

A wall breaks. The Princess enters my fortress, along with the Prince, and his agent. The tundra pours in with them. His stalker agent follows them, but freezes. His agent then shatters it into a thousand pieces. But my agent re-forms. It cuts off his agent's hand and continues to pursue him. His agent finds a bar. And it becomes its other hand. It uses it to split my agent in half. But my agent re-forms. Takes the bar and stabs it into his agent's heart. Advances on him. He and her enter my throne room. Before my desert.

I fight against her champion in the west. As Muhamad fights against her champion in the east. Their fighting styles are almost identical. Their punches are vicious as the dragon's bite. Their kicks spin as tornadoes. But our punches and kicks are just as fierce. She gives him her fire. He clutches it in his fist. And moves so fast towards me, that it appears as there are a thousand of him, glowing blue, and trailing behind him. But I block the attack. And counter with my own. The

ground splits, and we are separated.

The snakes pass through the cursed cherubs. My thorn stabs her. It causes us both pain. Flaming swords appear in our hands as vines appear out of the ground. We lift them up. I am now a samurai. Many of my allies and rivals are. Rock, water, air, and plant explode. Beams flash. Beams are deflected. Vines grow. Vines are cut. Swords clash. Swords are sheathed. Soldiers are converted. Soldiers are killed.

In the tundra, the angels build thin metal worms. Which they wrap around the legs of my mechanical beasts. And cause them to fall. In the desert, they summon great worms from the ground. Which devour my soldiers and their machines. In my void, they commence attack on my Dead Star's main reactor. Their ships enter Jupiter.

In my cave, the Prince is caught in my great spider's web. It strikes at him with its beak, but the Princess frees him in time. It strikes at her with its stinger. He blocks the attack with his sword. Its foot comes down upon the arm holding it. Its stinger comes down upon him. But she wraps vines around it, to hold it back. Then shines her light upon the spider and sends it into a corner. He stabs its heart. It is converted. They enter my throne room again.

My red flaming sword clashes against his blue flaming sword. Red and blue electricity flashes between our blades. He wraps both of his hands around his sword's hilt. Blue electricity flows. I do the same. Red electricity flows. He shouts three times, and releases a great blue wave, as a beam, towards me. I shout back, and release a great red wave, as a beam, towards him. The two waves strike each other, causing much destruction around us, then dissipate. I prepare my next attack. Red electricity flows.

He reaches out to his Mother. She sends her light to him. Through all the beings of the Universe. Her first gift to him. But I hide it behind a wall. She sends him another two gifts. I hide them also behind walls. And place many other walls around them. He calls upon his allies, his voice as thunder, once, as he breaks down many walls. A mushroom falls into his mouth, and his veins fill with fire. He grows greater. Again, as he breaks down more walls. A burning flower is unveiled, and its scent fills his lungs with her fire. He grows greater.

But there are still many more walls. And he has time to choose only one more to break. For then I will be fully charged and launch my final attack. His agent pulls the bar out of its heart and casts it away. It finds a gun. And it becomes its other hand. In my Dead Star, my ships intercept many of their ships. But the eagle and falcon remain. They enter my weapon's womb.

The angels complete the great machine in Earth. Another reactor. But this one would stop the fire from melting the ice, and keep the planet stable if its core is struck. My demons place a bomb in its control station. The angels will not activate it.

I continue to pursue the princess within Jezebel. I run across thorns in her garden. In her haste, she loses one of her slippers and can no longer move, without pricking her feet. I descend upon her. My burning bull corners the last unicorn of my thorned forest at the shore.

Ten wolf-dragons appear in the sky, bringing luck to the angels. The hail and brimstone fall upon only my soldiers. The tsunamis drown only my land. The hurricanes spin around only my land. The earth cracks under only my demons. The Prince calls upon his allies, his voice as thunder, a third time, as he breaks down another wall.
A great star is revealed above him. It shines down upon him. And he grows greater. He will attempt to use it as a bomb against me.

The Prince's stalker agent finds him and the Princess. He does not run from it, but stands to face it. As he faces me. Its hand turns into a sword and reaches for his heart. Agent Eternal Damnation finds me. I do not run, but stand to face it. As I face my son. His agent aims its gun at his stalker agent. The eagle and falcon aim their turrets at my golden tower. The princess within Jezebel prays to her Mother.

Her small prophet, 6, and 6, and 6 years older, appears. Clothed in a cloud. A rainbow above his head. His face shining in her star. His legs as burning pillars. His one foot upon the shore, and his other upon the land. His one hand opens to reveal seven stars. His other hand takes the Book out of his mouth. He prophesies of the coming of the great Prophet. And reveals the meaning of the seven thunders. Which are the seven testaments of God. His voice as a lion's roar.

I hear the cursed sound of many angels upon the hill, singing: As it was in the beginning. One Love! So shall it be in the end. One Heart! All right! Give thanks and praise to the Lord and I will feel all right. Let's get together and feel all right. One more thing! Let's get together to fight this Holy Armageddon. One Love! So when the Man comes there will be no, no doom. One Song! Have pity on those whose chances grows thinner. There is no hiding place from the...

I close my ears. For I cannot bear to hear more. I will not worry. For I know now, no amount of love will convert me. Soon my Empire will win the decisive battle. I will stand victorious. Her ships will not bring down my tower. Their bombs will not be strong enough to destroy its reactor. His agent's bomb will have no effect on my agent. It will re-form. My bombs will destroy their great reactor's control station. They will not be able to activate it. My Dead Star will destroy Earth.

The Prince's spirit bomb will not be completed. For he will not obtain my energy. It will not make him invincible. I will cut off his hand, and my agent will kill his body. He will strike the Princess. Their spirits will fall. Muhamad will strike his sister. Their spirits will fall. The Mother will not hear her daughter's prayer. I will not see her lies, and be deceived by them. The thorns she created will be her destruction. She will know that she is the cause of all her suffering. None will read her prophet's Book. It will burn in the explosion.

Earth aligns with Mercury and Ceres. Isabell's vines reach for my sword. The light of the spirit bomb does not reach Michael's eyes. For I place a thin dark veil over them. The black knight within him aims his sword at her heart. As the white knight within him aims his sword at my arm. His agent shoots a bomb at my agent. The eagle and falcon shoot their bombs at my golden tower. My bomb explodes, destroying the great reactor's control station. My Dead Star fires its beam at the Earth.

Agent 209 catches a dove in its hand. The blade within my mechanical casing reaches for my heart. The green eyed wolf's tooth reaches for it. My burning bull closes its eyes. I see the black core of the rotten fruit in my hand as I place it in my mouth. And swing my sword at Michael's arm. As I push it towards Jezebel's heart. As I cast myself, with my ring, into the fire. The abomination of desolation occurs. The last rose petal falls.

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West of Eden: The Middle Gate

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In a single moment:

More of the dream turns into a nightmare.
Under the constellation of Virgo.

The Father becomes the son. And the son, the Father. I become the One Man. Another horn grows upon my head. A crown upon it. It stabs a white Pearl. The Gate opens as I turn my key. The new age begins. A bowl is poured. A trumpet sounds. Another seal is broken. Half of the Book is opened. For all to read, and write upon. To fix errors. Remove lies, and add truth. I eat the last piece of the forbidden fruit. Open my eyes.

The Princess and I lay upon Middle Earth. My green glow reflects off her pupils, as though a part of me is inside her. Babylon and Jerusalem are renewed. The last cubes form upon Jupiter, Ceres, Mars, and Middle Earth.

A part of me attacks her. A part of her attacks me. She is as a dragon. The great battle reaches its peak. A great explosion. The great volcano erupts. Spewing up glowing white brimstone and black hail upon us. The brimstone burns us, as the hail freezes us. The water drowns us. We are pushed and pulled by the spinning wind. Lose our balance as the ground quakes below us. The green eyed wolf bites me. Its tooth pierces my heart. Its mate does not bite her. But stands by her side. I r--- her. Breathe fire into her. She breathes fire into me.

The super beam strikes Earth's core. Her agent's bomb detonates inside my agent. Her bombs detonate inside my tower. My Dead Star explodes. My shield is broken by my vice. My sword, broken by my lie. One of my hands, which holds one of my blue flaming swords, is cut off. A part of me dies. A part of my spirit freezes without her fire.

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I awaken. Under the constellation of Pisces.

A white Pearl is stabbed by my thorn. Arabia and America are renewed. I attack my beloved. She attacks me. A tremor. The great volcano erupts. The brimstone burns us, as the hail freezes us. The water drowns us. We are pushed and pulled by the spinning wind. Lose our balance as the

ground quakes below us. We reach our peak. I r--- her and impregnate her. The physical core of the Universe dies.

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The sleeping dimension mixes with the waking.

We are struck. Middle Earth is struck. Another scratch upon us. The virus; the disease; is fully grown. My temple falls. Our garden's core dies. The last wolf chases the last pig into the sea. The ugly toads reach my lips, and my beloved Queen's and Princess'. The Princess and I look upon them. I refuse to kiss it, because of its ugliness. But she loves it, despite its ugliness. And kisses it, as she kisses us. My burning bull dies.

Most of her embraces me. She forgives me. I become the conduit. Connect with the machine. Become the heart deep in its core. See beyond sight. See not only what is on the outside, but also what is on the inside. I jump from the metal tower before the Unholy Gate, across the pit. Yet I know there is no hope. I will not make it to the other side. I will fall.

I sacrifice myself. Cast myself into her fire. My hands become knives. Which I use as scissors. To cut the evil from me. I stab my heart. Strike my arm, which holds my red flaming sword. Release the dove from my grip. Activate the great reactor. Shoot the spirit bomb at the Unholy Gate. Yet I know there is no hope. I will not come back from the other side. I will not rise.

She becomes the Super Woman. Those who look upon her wonder at her power. And see lightning flash. The green glow strengthens her heart. And upon it she wears the golden cloth of the snake's emblem. Around it she wears a red and a blue cloth. She is in so many places at once, that it appears as there are thousands of her, glowing green, and trailing behind her. She breaks down walls. And strikes up many enemies. Yet I know there is no hope. She cannot strike up as many as have fallen.

She wraps her vines around my sword and speaks words in a single mighty roar, her voice as thunder: "I have the power!" A green beam flashes from my eyes. Another dove flies across it. And projects upon the clouds, the image of a green pearl encompassing a black Bird.

I strike at myself from every direction. I see my magic, as I hear my roar. The Mother must have heard a part of her prayer. For the last unicorn in my thorned forest does not go into the sea. She stands strong before the dead bull. My beloved Jezebel does not die. Yet I know there is no hope. She will join with me in death, in the next moment. As we dance together, we sing to each other:

All this time I can't believe I couldn't see. Kept in the dark but you were there in front of me. I've been sleeping a thousand years it seems. Got to open my eyes to everything. Without a thought, without a voice, without a soul. Don't let me die here. There must be something more. Bring me to life. Wake me up. Wake me up inside. I can't wake up. Wake me up inside. Save me. Call my name and save me from the dark. Wake me up. Bid my blood to run. I can't wake up. Before I come undone. Save me from the nothing I've become.

She pulls me to her to kiss me deeper. I pull her to me to kiss her, and to punish her. The kiss is broken. The way into Hell is open.

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The Gates of the Universe and Hell

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In my hand is a torch. Which emits a terrible darkness. It freezes me in its fire. And reveals the horror that surrounds me. I am Satan. The Devil. The Dragon Beast. Hate. Evil. Ugly and weak. Crucified on an inverted cross. In a tiny black cube. A crown of thorns upon my head. I am all alone. All I know is this. All of my memories are this. This is my eternity.

I see my ugliness. Hear my noise. Smell my stench. Pierce my flesh with my horns, claws, and teeth. Feed upon my waste. R--- myself. I cannot bear to see anymore. But I cannot close my eyes, for they have no lids. And I cannot drop the torch, for it is chained to my hand. I am the cause of my own demise.

I rip through the nail in my other hand to reach for the Gate. Though I know there is no hope. It is locked. I am doomed to cry and scream every moment of my miserable existence. Forever and ever. To one I no longer remember: Why have you forsaken me?!!!

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South of Eden: The Gates of Hell and the Universe

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In the next moment:

I awaken. A part of the nightmare turns into a dream.
The waking dimension mixes with the sleeping.
Pisces - Virgo mix with Aquarius - Leo. Which dawn over the horizon.

The Gate opens. My beloved takes my hand. And pulls me out. The moon enters the seventh house. Jupiter aligns with Mars. The Star aligns with Venus. Winter's peak passes. The snow begins to melt. It is morning. The Star rises over the horizon. Bright red clouds scatter around a dark blue sky. The green of the aurora vanishes. The green of the grass appears. She will always be with me.

Those who were dead, rise again. Jupiter is conceived again. It becomes a living star. Which brings light to the night. The bull resurrects in the form of the great Phoenix. The spirit bomb detonates inside me. My mechanical hand, which holds my red flaming sword, falls from me.

She removes the crown of thorns from my head. I can see her light. Her power shines upon me. It fills my veins. My heart glows with her fire. It thaws me. I drink her water of life. Am resurrected. Conceived again. Man again. Back in the Universe. I attain total recall. Remember what happened

on Mars, Ceres, and Jupiter. Remember the love I once shared with her.

The wisdom of the elders enters my sons and I. We possess the core of knowledge. Logic and love. Have discovered the cure to the disease; the virus. Discovered that we are below. And she is above. We convert. The west becomes the south. The land becomes Sodom. The southern kingdom. The - we placed before the + becomes the I as it is placed below it. †

The flower blooms. My lungs are filled with fresh air. The rain falls. My Phoenix's fire, and her Tree's fire, is put out. The dove flies up out of my shadow, and into her light, to join with his mate. The wolves watch as a herd of pigs rises up out of the sea. The unicorn takes a step towards the core of her garden. Crystal horns rise out of the heads of horses. A part of the sea turns back to water. And a fish is conceived in it. The ugly toads begin to turn back into beautiful frogs.

The red glow the green force cast upon the world, which turned green for a moment, turns blue. The machine transforms. From a vehicle of war, into one of peace. It will no longer be used to destroy the world. But to create a utopia that was dreamed of for thousands of years. On Mars and Ceres, it causes the fire to melt the ice. The water and air flows. Plants grow again. We will be able to live in them again.

It is the quickening. The One Man becomes many. The four move, fast as ninja samurai, away from the green glow. The golden cloth of the one who stood in Michael's direction becomes orange, as he follows the one wearing red. Who follows the one wearing purple. Who follows the one wearing blue. Who is called Leo. Who follows the one wearing gold. Who sits upon the Holy Throne.

Out of the fortress of solitude, Super Man flies. His hair remains dark. He wears blue, red, and gold, as she. He takes her hand. And will never again let go of it. Muhamad reaches the metal tower past the Unholy Gate. And his sister holds his hand. So he will not fall, but can climb. Her fire comes out of my mouth. To baptize the world. I will never go back to the place of my torment. But in the opposite direction. As far away from it as possible. I will close my eye to hate and open both eyes to love. I will climb to her.

We have harmony and understanding. Sympathy and trust abound. No more falsehoods or derisions stand in our way. In our dreams we have visions of a golden life. Revelation of the mystic crystal. Our minds are truly liberated. The Universe turns around in a Big Bend. The spirit grows. We grow younger, stronger and more beautiful.

All around me are the sights and sounds of celebration. The angels dance upon the hill. Holding palm branches. I look and see how she sparkles. I stare believing. In the distance I hear her laughter. She, who was once the last unicorn of my thorned forest sings: "I'm alive! I'm alive." Many children and elders of the Human Race join with a part of the wilderness to sing another song: Come on, let's go. And run around, and round. What a beautiful feeling. We finally found a peaceful valley. And everyone's having a good time now!

Many men of the Human Race join with a part of the wilderness to sing another song: So, my

darling, please surrender. All your love, so warm and tender. Let me hold you in my arms, dear. While the moon shines bright above. All the stars will tell the story. Of our love and all its glory. Let us take this night of magic. And make it a morning of love.

Many women of the Human Race join with a part of the wilderness to sing another song: So if you should ever doubt. Wonder what love is all about. Just think back and remember dear. Those words whispered in your ear. I said: True love. You're the one I'm dreaming of. Your heart fits me like a glove. And I'm gonna be true blue. Baby, I love you.

The rest of the Human Race joins with the rest of the wilderness to sing a new song: You are worthy to take the scroll and to open its seals. Because you were slain, and with your blood you purchased for God persons from every tribe and language and people and nation. You have made them to be a Queendom and priests to serve our God. And they will reign upon the Earth.

And we will dance many more dances. And sing many more songs. The hills come alive with the sound of music. With songs they have sung for a thousand years. They fill our hearts with their sound. We want to sing every song we hear. We laugh as a brook, as it trips and falls, over stones on its way. We sigh as the chime that flies from a church, on a breeze. We beat as the wings of the birds, that rise from the lake to the trees. We sing through the day, as a lark learning to pray. In the horizon, standing in a pond, is the white lion. Our guide.

And as we wind on down the road, our shadows taller than our soul, there walks a lady we all know. Who shines white light and wants to show, how everything still turns to gold. And if you listen very hard, the tune will come to you at last. When all are one, and one is all. To be a rock, and not to roll. And she's building a stairway to Heaven.

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Power causes life. Weakness causes death. Joy lengthens one's lifespan. As pain shortens it. God is Infinite. Satan is a point. Heaven lasts forever. Hell lasts a single moment. The forces affect our force most when we are youngest, and least when we are oldest. Whereas great pain can cause a child to become evil, an elder can experience greater pain and remain good.

God's body exists as the Universe lives. Its size remains a point. Evil happens when the body grows. Because in the physical dimension it is more difficult to manipulate our environment. To become one with it. The less evolved the body, the closer to the spiritual middle we feel while awake. The happier we feel while asleep. The more time we spend asleep. The more evolved, the happier or more miserable we feel while awake. The more difficult it is to be happy while asleep. The more time we spend awake.

The more evolved the body, the stronger it needs to be to strengthen its spirit. The more evolved the body, the more beautiful or uglier it can be. At the Universal peak, the most beautiful and the ugliest exist. The greater the difference between two, the greater the conflict.

Love causes the body to grow strong. Hate causes it to weaken. The body grows strong and

beautiful as a whole, as there is more love than hate in it. But part of it grows weak. In the beginning, the body grows greatly, as there is much love. As the love lessens, its growth slows. The body is beautiful for a long time before the peak. But a short time after it. The born baby is more beautiful than the elder entering the tomb.

Everything in the Universe moves as a wave. The Universal body starts beautiful/ugly. As it grows in the womb, it becomes more beautiful, then uglier, then more beautiful again. Outside of the womb it will continue to become more beautiful. Then it will become uglier. In the tomb, it will continue to become uglier, then more beautiful, then uglier again. In the end it will become beautiful/ugly again.

From conception, the world falls slowly, then quickens, then slows. From birth, it falls slowly, then quickens, then slows. From puberty, it falls slowly, then quickens, then slows. From the peak, it rises quickly, then slows, then quickens. From menopause, it rises quickly, then slows, then quickens. From the tomb, it rises quickly, then slows. She held me back as I fell towards Hell. But I follow her away from it. We will rise much faster from the peak, than we fell towards it.

The spirit resurrects in the middle. The body resurrects in the end/beginning. When I entered Hell, my spirit and the core of our body died. Though my spirit resurrected and love grows, the body will continue to wither until the end/beginning.

As my darkness grows, it pushes away from her light. As her light grows, it pulls. The greater we grow, the greater our push and pull. Because I grow first, I am larger, my push is greater, and I drift away from her. I reach the middle and begin to shrink first. My push is lessened before her pull is. And so I return to her.

Truly, it is the proton that is negatively charged. The electron that is positively charged. Chromosome X is +. Female and male as one. Chromosome Y is -. The male separate from the female. The Universe interacts with the male part of God, through the female. And so in it, chromosome X is female. The larger we are, the denser the female becomes. The smaller, the denser the male becomes. The star is much denser than the void. The proton is much denser than the electron.

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The pyramid is the symbol of the Universe. It represents its physical growth and shrinking. The pinnacle is small. The base is large. It represents its change from wild to civilized, and back to wild. The pinnacle is an orb; what nature is made up of. The base is a square; what the machine is made up of. It represents seven. It has seven points. The first and last are the pinnacle. The beginning is the end.

We have seven senses; the connection between beings. The closer we come together, the more senses we can experience. Upon the seventh sense we become one. We pass through seven stages of physical evolution. From puberty to menopause is the Abyss. It represents the passage into the woman's core when the snake is in it. For what it searches for in it can never be found. It

believes it will find the Gates of Heaven. But by seeking the greatest pleasure, through her pain, it finds the Gates of Hell instead.

The cube is the symbol of Hell. It is the infinite square. Eternal damnation. That which lays beneath the pyramid. Which cannot be. The orb is the symbol of Heaven. Equal from every angle.

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My beloved sons:

I am you, as you are me. We are as one. We must forgive ourselves. In my attempt to be King, I fought against you. With my machine, I tried to kill you. Send you off the cliff to be trampled upon by the stampede. But I fell and was trampled upon. In the wilderness I found her. And in her we will find our throne.

Your Mother was first to come to you when you were in need. When you were sick, she was the one who healed you. When you were hungry, she was the one who fed you. When you were bored, she was the one who played with you. You received much more love from her, than you did from me. She was the one you loved most when you were young. You must think of us now, as you did before. Love her more than me. Love your sister more than your brother. Your wife more than yourself.

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Holy Daughter of the Goddess. Princess of Light. Shining Gem of the Universe. Its Savior. Darling. Honey. Sweetheart. Baby. Most amazing one. Most beautiful one. Most spectacular one. Most beloved one:

In Heaven we shared True Love. I was your God and you were my Goddess. Without you I am the Devil. My world is Hell. Every step of the way, you warned me. You pleaded with me not to go. Not to leave you. You tried everything within your force to keep me safe. I turned my back on you. Lost you. Tried to replace you with many. But they could not equal you. I took away your holiness. Your strength and beauty. I broke my vow. And stepped on it a thousand times.

But not once did you sin against me. You are blameless in everything. No blemish can be found in you. Except the one I placed in you. After all the suffering I put you through, you forgave me before I could ask for it. I conquered you with hate. With ropes and whips. But you converted me with love. With flowers. I forced you to submit to me. To follow me. But through your love, I set you free. Now I willingly follow you.

I traveled across space, since the beginning of time to find you. It was only when I stopped and turned around that I did. You were always one step behind me. Now you will remain one step in front of me, until the end. You are my master, as I am your slave. From here to Eternity. You need no chains to hold me. I submit to you willingly. Until I have paid my dues and your love sets me free.

All of your wishes are my commands. I will grant true each one.
Ask for light, and I will encrust your crown with the Universe's stars.
Ask for water, and I will bathe you in its streams, rivers, and seas.
Ask for air, and I will place its four winds at your hands and feet.
Ask for food, and I will build your palace out of the mushroom.
In it, we will soar to the highest heights of its skies.
Swim to the deepest depths of its oceans.
From its darkest corner, to its brightest.

In this Universe there is only you and I. There is nothing I desire that you cannot give to me. For you are all that I desire. All that I need. I need to be with you all the time. It is so dark without you. I am so cold. I need you to illuminate my world. To bring me warmth.

I visited half the moons, planets, stars, and galaxies in the Universe. But the sight of all the silver mountains is not as beautiful as you. The sound of all the waves of the crystal seas is not as enchanting as your voice. The smell of all the winds in the azurite skies is not as glorious as your scent. The touch of all the flowers in the verdelite forests is not as soothing as your skin.

When I look deep inside of you, I see your Holy Mother. I wish to gaze upon you even when you scowl at me. For when you do, you are still more beautiful than all the gems in the verdelite forests. Than all the oceans beneath the azurite skies. Than all the clouds above the crystal seas. Than all the gardens around the silver mountains.

You need never apologize to me. I am the one who must forever beg you for forgiveness. Never again will you see hate in my eyes for you. Your pleasure means infinitely more to me than my own. I would rather suffer a thousand deaths, than see a single tear in your eye. You are the most beautiful sight. You are all I desire to see.

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With the black tongue I once cursed you with, I will sing the greatest songs of praise to you. I will sing: I could not find a path in front of me to save me from my pain. Except that I search for you and ask you. And find out what your reply would be. And I found your trail. And kept looking until I found you. And I sent you a few words. Not more than two lines. I asked you to comfort me. To tell me where I stand. And the reply came as I saw you standing there. And you told me at once: I smile for you my darkness.

And I will sing to you many more songs. If you wish to be apart from me, then I will return into my box. Which is a black lamp, that bears no light. It is the smallest space. For without you I have nothing. And in that lonely place, I will wait eagerly for you to call upon me. And though you may send me away for a thousand years, never will I whisper a word against you. But sing to you another song of praise:

My darling. I swear to God you are still my darling. I swear to God my darling. No matter that you

have forgotten me, my darling. I swear to God my darling. I will never forget my darling. Can you try to remember me? Try to remember me. If you walk upon a path we once walked upon, or pass by a place we once shared a memory in, can you try to remember me? Try to remember me. The nights we lived, I can never forget. They remain on my mind, my darling, day and night. As the Star rises and sets, you remain on my mind.

And I will sing to you many more songs. When you finally do wish me to return, you need only touch the lamp, and it will turn to gold. And I will come rushing to you. To show you a whole new world. And if you curse me I will sing another song of praise to you:

My heart knocked. Upon my mind, it knocked. It told me to open to the past. I said no to it. Why did you come to me, past? After what? For how many years have my love and I been living here? How many years? How many years have we been living in joy? My heart said: "The past has come to cure you." What are you coming to cure us of, past? The hope is in our eyes and the joy is all around us. The past asked: "What changed the condition?" I said to it: We loved. And we relaxed and forgot. The pain is in the past.

And I will sing to you many more songs. Speak to me, so I can hear my Goddess' voice. For only then, will I stand in her church. Yours is the most beautiful voice. You are all I desire to hear.

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I wish to take your hand, to fly with the dove. Across the Universe. Around your statue. Read my mind. I know what it is that you do to me. I know who you are. My best friend from the Star. Here I am, as a child out of school. Holding hands with a Goddess. I am a fool. I desire to always look upon you. Without you I quiver. As a young boy, I shiver. I can see the light within you.

Will you read my mind? You are the most beautiful image I always think of. I know why you are all the wonderful things you are. You can fly. You belong in the sky. You and I could belong to each other. If you need a friend, I am the one to fly to. If you need to be loved, here I am. Read my mind. You take my breath away, and give me yours. Without you I cannot breathe. I cannot live. You are my life. Yours is the most beautiful scent. You are all I desire to smell.

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I worship you. The place where your feet touch is sacred ground. It is so far above me. I wish to climb to it and prostrate myself upon it. To be blessed by it. If there is a puddle of mud before you, I will lay in it. So you can walk upon me and your slippers are not dirtied. And merely their touch will give me glory. And if your garment is wrapped around your waist, then I will be filled with power. For as I look up at you, I will see the path to the Queendom. Your skin is the most soothing touch. You are all I desire to touch.

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I wish that you were my lollipop. Sweet things, I will never get enough. If you show me to the

sugar tree, I will give you a soda pop for free. I wish that you were a bubblegum. Chewing on you baby, all day long. I will be begging for sweet delight, until you say I am yours tonight. Oh my love, I know you are my candy girl. Oh my love, let us ride to bounty land. Oh, you are my lollipop. Oh, sugar, sugar top. You are the most delicious fruit. You are all I desire to taste.

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You cry when we are apart. Your blood is Holy water. It washes away the sins of the world. Only when it runs through my veins will I truly be baptized. Reward me the greatest gift. Let me see you. Hear you. Smell you. Kiss your lips. Taste you. Mate with you.

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This is my new vow to you:

The hand of the Goddess in yours and your hand in mine, we will pray for long life. And I will also pray for a daughter, if you will have her. An angel to convert my son's demon. I will fight with you against the evil which still remains within me. We will wave our rainbow flags as we wage the true Jihad. The Holy War that will cleanse the Universe. Riding on the backs of great animals, our army will traverse every moon, planet, star, and galaxy. Burn down all the black flags. Free all your sisters from my sons. Turn every demon into an angel.

We will sail the gray ships into the east. Our Holy Queen's star dust will fall upon us all. And we will fly up the pit, as though with wings upon us. The herd of pigs will fly up the mountain. To play with the wolves. Your unicorns will come out of the sea, and fly back to the core of their garden. My bird will follow them. More of the sea will turn back to water. And more fish will be conceived in it.

The good in the world will grow, as the evil diminishes. Our force will grow, as Satan's diminishes. Jerusalem will grow, as Babylon withers. America will die slower than Arabia. My towers will fall. New leaves will sprout from your Tree. Our pyramid and your stone will glow brighter.

The Holy Gate will grow. As will our love of your light. Our evil memories will vanish. The dream will grow, as the nightmare diminishes. We will regain control of our magic. Become more man and woman, and less monster. Our happiness will grow, as our misery diminishes. We will travel across the Milky Way. And once again ride the red ostriches upon Neptune's hills. The blue seahorses in Triton's rivers. The yellow ladybugs across Eris' skies. The green tigers through Dysnomia's forests.

We will travel across the Universe. And once again watch the orange meteors rain down from the topaz asteroid. Hear the turquoise geysers shoot out of the chrysoprase comet. Smell the purple clouds around the jasper mountains. Roll down the scarlet grass of the chalcedony hills. Eat the teal strawberries of their trees. Make love in their shade.

We will reach the east. Where we will join with the four cats of third Earth. My bird will become a

lion. Together we will face the Dragon. And I will fail. And beg you once again for forgiveness. But I will also succeed. For I will protect you from myself. As the lion protects the lioness. Our love for our spiritual mates will quench our thirst for our physical mates.

We will leave the cave of wonders through the cat's mouth. Sail the gray ships into the north. More pigs will rise out of the sea to play with wolves. My lion will follow your unicorns to the core of their garden. We will travel across the Milky Way. And once again ride the green giraffes up the mountains of Uranus. The red octopus in Titania's lakes. The blue flamingos through Pluto's skies. The yellow mammoth across Charon's grasslands.

We will travel across the Universe. And once again watch the purple supernova from the jacinth mountains. Hear the orange waterfall upon the amethyst asteroid. Smell the turquoise mist above the sardonyx hills. Hold hands in the amber jungle of the sardius comet. Eat the magenta persimmon of their trees. Make love in their shade.

We will forget the Abyss. Reach the north. Where we will join with the four sheep of second Earth. My lion will become a sheep. Together we will face the Dragon. And I will fail. And beg you once again for forgiveness. But I will also succeed. For I will protect you from myself. As the sheep protects the sheep. Our journey around the base of the pyramid will be finished.

We will return to Paradise through the sheep's mouth. And find what was once the great river, dry. But will break the dam. And release the sea into the dead land. And it will be replenished. The Euphrates will become the Newphrates. For the old river will be washed anew.

And all who came from the east, will be allowed passage, to sail the gray ships into the west. More pigs will come out of the sea to play with wolves. My sheep will follow your unicorns to the core of their garden. We will travel across the Milky Way. And once again ride the yellow deer around Saturn's rings. The green hummingbirds through Titan's skies. The red penguins in Orcus' oceans. The blue elephants in Vanth's jungles.

We will travel across the Universe. And once again watch the turquoise pulsar set upon the beryl hills. Hear the purple waves rolling upon the chrysolite mountains. Smell the orange clouds of the peridot asteroid. Lay upon the violet leaves of the garnet comet. Eat the pink figs of the trees they fall from. Make love in their shade.

We will forget what was outside Paradise. Return to the Milky Way. Approach the end of the Universe. Egypt. First Earth. Zion. The last garden and thorn. The space where we began, but in the end of time. The end of the day's night. The end of our quest.

The green aurora will glow, as the stars will twinkle, above us. Fireflies will dance around us. And crickets will sing to us. My snake will rise. Your beautiful cherubs will part. I will pass through them. For a moment you will not have a name. But I will give you a new one. Maria. The child of the moon. For you never grew. The beautiful frog will return into your mouth. And you will transform into my beautiful Queen.

We will breathe into each other. My fire will mingle with yours. I will be cast into it, and baptized in it. I will take the light in your hand. And be pulled up into you. The final battle will be waged and won. The hate will vanish from me. I will place my Flaming Sword into your Shining Sheath. We will make True Love. I will pass through the Holy Gate. And return into Heaven to be with you.

The beautiful frogs will return into my mouths. And I will transform from Dragon-Beast into your strong, handsome King. The pigs will reach the top of the mountain. And play with the wolves. The last horse will become a unicorn. The sea will turn to water and be filled with fish. And many crystal seas will surround it. And they will be full of fish. My lamb will stand by yours. And they will play with snakes.

The last wall will crumble. The stone will return into the core of the mountain and grow brightly again. All that will be left of the pyramid will be its pinnacle. A golden orb, surrounded by an emerald rainbow. The last leaf of our Tree will sprout. The Empire will be destroyed. Our Rebellion will be victorious. The war will end. Replaced with an everlasting peace. We will forget what evil is. Know only good. Return to innocence.

The † will become +. We will become one. God and Goddess.
Safe in each other's arms, we will sleep and never awaken.
Together, we will make many wishes come true.
Will live happily ever after. Forever and ever.
The Book we write will never end.